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CONTENTMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY "THE MODEST QUENCHER."

I.—THE RICH MAN.

The rich man sits at his well-filled board,
With viands in tempting array,
But he cannot eat, his digestion is bad,
And his poor weak stomach says nay.
For thus it always is, you see.
With men like these—in poetry.

He takes a whiff of a costly cigar,
Its flavor disgusts him, of course;
And he throws it away and takes to his wine,
In hopes some pleasure to force.
For always cigars thus taste, you see,
To men like these—in poetry.

His wines are, of course, of the very best brands,
But even these taste bad,
And then in despair his couch he seeks
To see if repose can be had.
For never do excellent wines agree
With men like these—in poetry.

But what though his couch be inviting and soft,
With pillows and sheets so white,
Not a moment of rest does the rich man enjoy,
But wearily tosses all night.
For never can men like these, you see,
Have any repose—in poetry.

II.—THE POOR MAN.

The rag-picker gnaws his crust of bread
With an appetite fresh and keen,
For his meal he has earned by honest toil
And he chews it with joy serene.
For so it always is, you see,
With men like these—in poetry.

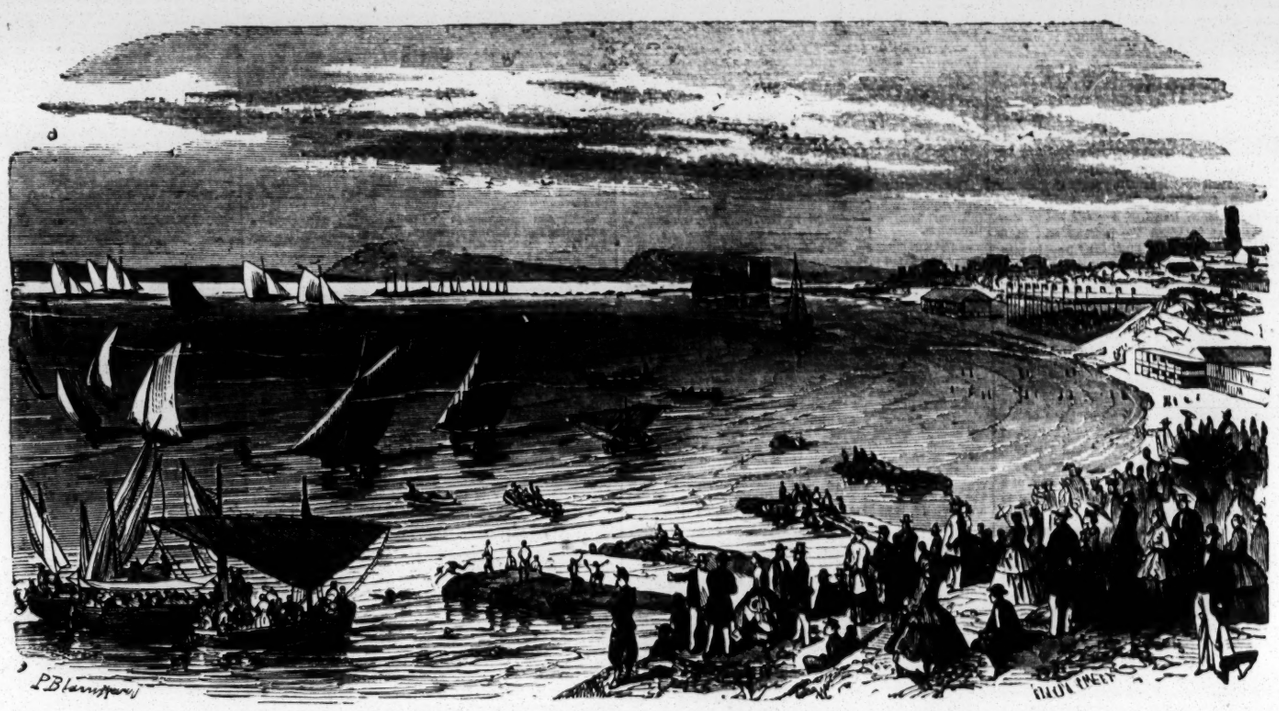
His frugal meal soon disappears,
And he proceeds to puff
His "stump," which he found in the street,
Which suits him well enough.
For thus does everything agree
With them—that is—in poetry.

No wine has he to slake his thirst,
He uses pure cold water;
He lifts the pail to his dirty face
And drinks, and drinks—as he "oughter."
For they are temperance men, you see,
That is to say—in poetry.

And after his meal, with the sleeve of his coat
He carefully wipes his jaws,
Lies on the hard and dirty floor,
And very soon he snores.
For t' us these men enjoy, you see,
Calm, sweet repose—in poetry.

MORAL.

That gold don't always bring content,
All those who read these lines can see;
In fact, for perfect happiness,
'Twere better poor than rich to be;
So to unhappy millionaires,
Who seek contentment, this I'd say,
Just give me all your useless gold,
And go, be rag-pickers, right away.



AQUATIC SPORT IN EUROPE. Regatta at Toulon, near Fort St. Louis.

THE LOVED AND THE LOST;

OR,

THE MUSIC HALL SINGER

AND THE

STROLLER'S APPRENTICE.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE "MONARCH OF THE WAVE."

"There rose from sea to sky the sad farewell,
Then shrieked the timid and stood still the brave,
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave.
And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die." BYRON.

Mr. Mellish might scream as he liked, he was far away on the blue water, with no chance of getting back at present. His wife's note was so brief he could make nothing of it save the bare fact that Miss Foster was gone, and he worried himself with a thousand conjectures as to how, why and where. She had no admirers likely to tempt her away, and she was not ambitious to shine in her profession, and she had always declared herself happy and gratified under their protection.

"The business'll go to the devil," was his mental comment upon the document, "but perhaps Mafy has taken fright at nothing at all and she's safe back again. Strayed out for a bit, I dare say, that's all; anyway I'll go back by the first boat we come across."

He told the captain of his troubles, and Captain Singleton, being a good natured man, promised to put him aboard the first ship bound for Canada or the States, which did not make him so much out of his way to get at.

But bad weather came on, fog and rain, and three days passed before the "Monarch of the Wave" encountered any ship going in an opposite direction. To Mr. Mellish those days seemed like years, with the torturing anxiety which beset him; thoughts of his wife's worry, of bad business, of impatient calls for Miss Foster from the *habitues* of the Elysium, and of the anger of disappointed audiences, to say nothing of the empty benches which would be the inevitable consequence of the prima donna's disappearance, all combined to torment him in a fashion that only theatrical managers and caterers for the public amusement can understand. But at length his patience was rewarded; the weather cleared and the sun shone out dazzling and bright over the tranquil water.

Sick passengers left their berths and scrambled on deck, once more beginning to think that life might be worth having after all if the ship wouldn't begin rocking again in that disgusting manner, and the crew sang and joked as they went about their work, as though such things as lee's, and cold and tempest were not. Mr. Mellish was troubled with no sea sickness; he was not one on whom the horrible malady ever lays its hands, and with the first gleam of sunshine he was on deck, looking eagerly in every direction. Nor had the bad weather kept him below; in all the blinding fog and drenching rain he had come up, peering and blinking as he shivered in his waterproof wraps, till the captain and the sailors had laughed him into stopping down in the cabin.

"It won't clear a bit the sooner for your getting wet," the captain said. "We'll give you notice of the first gleam of sunshine; besides, we sailors have longer eyes than you; you wouldn't know the ship you wanted if you saw her this minute."

"I want any ship that will land me in New York before it is too late," Mr. Mellish replied; "but you're right, captain, I'll keep out of the way till the weather clears."

It had cleared now, and Captain Singleton was much amused at the anxious way his passenger scanned the horizon with a huge telescope, beginning to fancy that every sail he saw was an American bound steamer.

"You are very anxious to get back?" he said to him on the fourth morning of their voyage.

"It's my belief if I were to hail a ship bound for the North Pole and put you on board you'd go blindly as you got off the Old Monarch here."

"I'm afraid I should; I am very anxious."

"Well, your patience will soon be rewarded; there comes your deliverance."

He pointed to a coming steamer, so small as yet that she looked scarce larger than a hand upon the water, but making steady way, nevertheless.

"Your eyes are sharp, captain; I see a ship and nothing more."

"I see the Falconette, from Liverpool to New York; we'll have you aboard and bound for home before the day's two hours older."

It was a long time before Mr. Mellish's unaccustomed eyes could make aught of the coming steamer or understand how the more practised sight of the captain could make out her name and all about her. She was the Falconette, and when it was known on board that she was to be hailed for Mr. Mellish's behalf every one got into a state of business excitement, immediately recollecting something they had to say to friends left behind.

Such a demand for pens, ink and paper—such a worrying of the steward and scribbling of hurried notes there never was seen on board of any well conducted ship. Mr. Mellish collected his luggage (he was a sensible traveler and had not very much) and sat down on the deck to wait. The Falconette came rapidly on, looking a pretty object with the sun shining on her white canvas and tinting even the long trail of smoke she left behind her with the colors of a changing opal.

The passengers watched her with interest as the one link between them and the friends they had left behind, and the boatswain stood beside the captain on his bridge, ready to hail with might and main.

The hail was given with a will and returned across the lessening expanse of water, and the Falconette and her sister ship shut off steam and floated side by side, with only some quarter of a mile of blue sea between them. Then Captain Singleton informed Captain Brown that he had a passenger and letters for him to carry back, and a boat was lowered and Mr. Mellish shook hands with his companions of the cabin and prepared to depart.

Already the plash of the oars of the coming boat sounded sharp and clear under the Monarch's bow. The captain was just wishing him bon *voyage*, when a hand was laid lightly on his shoulder and a voice, whose tones he knew full well, said, close to his ear:—

"You needn't go back because of me—I am here!"

Had the sea opened and swallowed up both the fair ships Charles Mellish could hardly have been more frightened or astonished, for the voice was that of the girl about whom he was so anxious, and Miss Foster herself, in the flesh, stood beside him! Pale and wan she looked and her long yellow hair was unkempt and disheveled, but it was she, nevertheless, and she looked at him with eyes in which no madness gleamed, but a strange and settled purpose.

"You here!" he gasped, after a bewildered pause. "How did you come here?"

"Yes, I am here," she replied, with perfect calmness, unheeding the crowd that pressed around her or the puzzled stare of the boat's crew below. "I am going to Europe as well as you. Captain Singleton, Mr. Mellish won't go back in the Falconette; the boat will only have to take the letters."

She spoke as quietly as a lady might in her own drawing-room. Mr. Mellish could only stare, so astounded did he feel, and Captain Singleton scratched his head in a strange confusion of ideas. The woman's voice sounded strangely familiar to him; her face was scarcely stranger, but he was sure no such person had taken a passage to Liverpool.

"Who are you and how did you came aboard my ship?" he asked at length.

"Don't you know me, Captain Singleton?" she asked. "You once helped me to a passage to America; will you help me to one back to Europe? I'll work it out and you shall be paid, doubly and trebly paid for any service you rendered me, I swear it."

The captain stared at her like a man demented; as for Mr. Mellish he was completely nonplussed and the men from the Falconette grew impatient. At length, after a pause, the captain wiped his forehead and ejaculated—

"Good Heavens! it's my pretty stewardess!"

"Yes, Captain Singleton," the woman said in the same calm tone; "it is your stewardess, the girl whom you befriended; do it again for heaven's sake!"

"It is her!" the captain murmured, half to himself as it seemed.

"Yes," she said, quite coolly, "your stewardess for one voyage, Captain Singleton; your pensioner for this; send those men away and let me go with you to Liverpool; you'll never repent it!"

He was puzzled what to do, but he had a tender heart and somehow there was that in the woman's voice and manner he could not resist.

"I'll tell you all my story," she said, "every word of it, and you shall prove the truth of it yourself, only land me once in England or Ireland and send those men away."

She pointed to the boat from the Falconette and Captain Singleton, almost against his own will, as it seemed, sent them back to their ship.

"There's been some blunder," he said. "Mr. Mellish will remain on board," looking at that gentleman for confirmation of his statement, who nodded, feeling helpless as a baby under the strange turn events had taken; and the men rowed back to tell a wonderful story of how a passenger had just been stepping into the boat and how a woman with wild eyes and yellow hair had risen, as it seemed, out of the very boards of the deck and prevented his departure.

They were divided in their opinion between a spirit and a mermaid, but they carried a queer tale to New York nevertheless. Meanwhile, the new comer was talking earnestly to Captain Singleton, shrinking rather from Mr. Mellish and avoiding the rest of the passengers, who would have thronged round her and discovered her history and her business, if they could.

"Were you running away from that man?" the Captain asked her when she had told him how she wanted to get back to Europe, and had concealed herself on board, making herself known to one or two of the crew and the stewardess of the second cabin, and thereby getting fed till she discovered herself to Mr. Mellish.

"Oh no, no! he has been kind and good to me, but he would not have let me come if he had known, and I must get to Europe—I must, I must."

"And so you shall, my poor lass—rest you quiet, no one shall interfere with you. Tell me how I can help you, and what you are going about," he added mildly, thinking his strange passenger was crazy, "and what have you done to yourself to make your hair grow and change color like that?"

"Oh, hair is easily dyed," was all the response she made to that question, and then she went and talked to Mr. Mellish. Whatever explanation she made of her presence seemed to satisfy him, for, though somewhat sullen and haughty in his behavior to her, he did not attempt to interfere with her. Not so Captain Singleton; he paid her every attention, got the stewardess to provide her with clothes, and allotted her a vacant state-room, from which she seldom emerged. Mr. Mellish held many little communications with her; whatever his plans might have been, her appearance had completely upset them, and he was cross in proportion.

"That poor lass in there has told me all her story from beginning to end," the Captain said to him one day. "You know it, of course."

"Know some, and guess the rest," he replied.

"And you mean her no harm? Because I look upon it as my duty to see her safe in the hands of her friends, now she has, in a manner, thrown herself upon my protection."

"Harm, no; that is just what I was going to do myself."

"And make a nice little profit out of the transaction?"

"That's my business; you know a good deal, but you don't know all. Miss Foster may have told you all she knows, but there's another story to tell beside hers. I've a trump card in my hand, and when you have played out your hand I'll lay it down."

Whatever Mr. Mellish's trump card might have been, it was never played; the story confided to the kind Captain was never told; in less than a week all England was ringing with a terrible tale of wreck and disaster. A little sea-side hamlet in Wales was hurried into a show place of melancholy interest: dead bodies lay in the great church, and the beach was strewn with scattered wreck, which had once been the good ship the "Monarch of the Wave." How the catastrophe came about is known in Heaven, may be, but it is a sealed up mystery below, for when pitying strangers came to look upon the dead, and sorrowing relatives identified their loved ones, and asked, "was no one saved?" the villagers can only shake their heads and say sorrowfully, "not one!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHO KILLED SQUIRE O'GRADY.

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill,
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still;
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill." HOOD.

The news of the wreck of the "Monarch of the Wave" spread through the length and breadth of the land, and was read by high and low over their bright fires and comfortable home meals. Many a simple mother thanked God that no son of hers was on board that ill fated ship, and many a bereft wife sorrowed as one with no hope over the drowned corpse of her lost husband, as funeral after funeral passed out of the little church into the quiet graveyard where the only disturbance was the dash of the sea, and the roar of the wild wind, as it howled round the desolate place of the sepulchre, where so many had come to lie until the trump of the judgment day shall waken good and bad alike for the last resurrection. The wreck caused an unprecedented stir in the little village of Llanbeth; sight-seers and reporters thronged thither in shoals, and hosts of people with no sort of interest save that of curiosity flocked thither to make their comments on the poor drowned people, who had met their death amid the shoals and breakers of the iron bound coast.

The clergyman of the parish and his kindly wife offered every facility for strangers to indentify and have their dead, the little church was made the receptacle for the corpses and the village resounded with the tolling of the bell and the sound of the coffin makers at their dismal work.

Day after day and often far into the night funeral trains wound into the little Nile churchyard, where graves were dug and coffins laid, some nameless and unowned; some wept over by sorrowing friends as the solemn "Earth to earth and dust to dust," of our beautiful burial service fell from the lips of the weary pastor, who was often tempted to wonder what he had done that such a dispensation as this terrible calamity had come to disturb the quiet serenity of his life.

The news, which was read with pity and sympathy by every one, came with special significance to James Maurice and his wife, who had just returned to London, after their successful French engagement. No longer the underpaid employees of a third rate theatre, or the poor strollers forced to ask help and shelter from a stranger, they were handsomely lodged, finely clothed and sumptuously fed.

The dark-eyed and black haired child who had attracted such attention in high quarters in Paris, had proved a mine of wealth to them, and, as Jim Maurice was rather fond of boasting, "they could ride in their carriage now if they liked."

They didn't do it; they were careful folks, and had money saved up and could afford themselves the rest and leisure they were now enjoying.

"Poor Mellish!" said Mr. Maurice, laying down the paper wherein he had read the manager's name among the list of the drowned. "To think of his coming to Europe to die in that way! Issy, Annie."

"Well, Jim?"

"I wonder if any one has been to look after him, to bury him and that."

"Why, dear?"

"Because I was thinking you and I might do it; he was kind to us out yonder when we needed it, and it would be some comfort to the poor soul out yonder to know that he had been decently looked after. Shall we go?"

"You're a good soul, Jim," said the wife. "I shouldn't have thought of it."

So the pair went to the out of the way Welsh village with gratitude in their hearts towards the dead man who lay there uncared for. The clergyman himself took them to the church, where, as the most fitting resting place the dead had been bestowed, and hand in hand the husband and wife sought the manager of the Elysium among the silent forms which lay there awaiting identification and burial.

They soon found him; the pitiless sea, which had dashed some past all recognition on the sharp rocks, had spared him and his face looked as placid as the face of a sleeping man. No one had been to seek him—not one of all his theatrical acquaintances had come forward to lay him in the ground, and Jim Maurice gave directions at once for a plain funeral the next day.

One or two rings and other trinkets he took from the corpse and gave the clergyman the widow's address in New York that he might testify to everything having been decently done. He was stooping down trying to remove a rather tight signet ring from the stiffened finger when he was startled by a scream from his wife.

She had moved away from his side a few paces and was looking with a natural curiosity at the other silent occupants of the damp floor.

"What is it, dear?" he asked, and the clergyman said quietly, "The sight is too much for her; my wife and I am used to it now; these two days have been like two *years* of horror."

"No! no!" she gasped, "it isn't that—just look there!"

She pointed to the corpse of a young woman, from the face of which the covering had slipped. The eyes were closed as if in sleep, and the dark hair cropped as closely as a boy's lay in soft curls round the clear white forehead.

The lower part of the face had been struck against the rocks and was swollen and disfigured; the hands had escaped and on one of them there glittered a little ring of peculiar shape, a horseshoe of small diamonds in a plain gold setting.

"I could swear to that!" Mrs. Maurice said, excitedly, "look here, Jim, look! The child's mother!"

"Can't be!" was Jim's reply, but as he stooped over the dead women whose limbs had been straightened with kindly care his tone altered and he said, "You're right, my girl, it is though. Mellish can't have been bringing her over?"

"You know her?" asked the clergyman as Mrs. Maurice, sick and faint, leaned upon her husband's shoulder; I feared she would be one of the unrecognised ones, poor soul; I think I know her name. She had a handkerchief in her pocket marked 'Foster.'"

"It is her, then, sir; if you please we'll see to her burying as well; she had no friends that I know of."

She told all she knew of Miss Foster's history, viz.:—that she was a professional singer in Mr. Mellish's establishment in New York and the next morning the pair were laid side by side in the churchyard, with James Maurice and his wife for mourners.

They left orders for a neat stone to be put up, recording the names and fate of the deceased, and before night the post had carried away a letter to the widow with the only comfort that could come to her now, the intelligence that kindly hearts had stood by that far away grave.

The letter also told her of Miss Foster's death, too, but gave no clue as to how she came to be in the ship. Of course the Maurice's concluded that Mellish had brought her to Europe professionally.

The little acrobat was somewhat astonished that night by his mother kissing him frantically as he lay in bed, and murmuring over him that he was all her's now, or words to that effect.

"Am I not always yours, mamma!" he asked innocently.

"Always, always, darling!" she replied. "Nothing can part us now."

Ten days after the shipwreck at Llanbeth where the dead were all buried out of sight and the little village was fast resuming its wonted tranquility, a boatman brought to the clergyman's house something which he had found sticking amongst the rocks and stones on the beach.

"At first I thought it was a head, sir," the man said, producing his treasure trove, "but now I think it's only the hair of one."

Which it proved to be; when dressed and combed to the best ability of the village barber it turned out to be the identical head of golden hair which had rendered poor Miss Foster such an attraction to the *habitues* of the Elysium. It was advertised amongst other relics of the wreck, but no one ever appeared to claim it, and somehow the good pastor always associated it with the woman with the close cropped hair whom he had buried beside Mr. Mellish at the request of James Maurice.

Stories must retrograde sometimes and we will ask our readers to go back with us to the terrible night when Gustavus O'Grady lay dead under the very windows of his house and to the sad group who stood around their dead friend and relative in the snow.

No trace of any intruder could be seen; the snow in the avenue had been a good deal trodden and the unbroken white which covered the ground was unmarked by any footstep.

Two deep stabs in the back were the cause of death, and in one of these the weapon of the assassin still stuck when they lifted the body. It was Lord Scatterbrain who drew it out and a rush of blood followed it, adding more splashes to the hideous tokens of murder which stained the snow at their feet.

"Quite gone," said the priest, laying his hand on the heart and trying in vain to find the slightest pulsation. "Whoever struck that blow aimed surely; rouse, Mr. Horace—some one must go and prepare the widow for what we have to take home. God help her, God help her, poor soul, for man cannot."

The widow! they started as they heard the words. Not ten minutes since they had left Angel in the drawing-room a happy wife and loving mother, with words of proud love for her husband on her lips, and now, what must they go back and tell her? They looked at one another in dismay, but the moments were fleeting fast and already they could see the ladies peeping curiously from the drawing-room windows.

"Some one must go," the priest repeated, looking at Horace, who vainly strove to speak.

"I cannot, I cannot," he said, at length, "don't ask me."

"It must be done, lads," Lord Scatterbrain said quietly. "It's a hard thing to do, but I'll do it; may be it'll come better from me that knew him when he was a little lad than from you young ones. I'll do it, God rest his soul!"

His voice broke into a sob as he turned away and walked rapidly across the smooth snow to the open windows of the drawing room where the frightened women were clustering, afraid to think what had happened.

Nothing that their worst fears could picture came up to the terrible reality. How he told his tale he never knew, but he signed to Augusta and broke it to her in a hoarse whisper, which Angel caught the import of as she leaned against the window, eagerly listening.

No need to tell the loving, terrified wife what had happened; her quick perceptions read calamity in his face and almost before his white lips could form the words he came to speak she wailed out:—

"I knew it, I knew it! He is dead!" and sank in merciful insensibility at their feet.

"Poor soul, 'tis better so! Get your mother out of the way, Miss O'Grady. Honor, go with this poor stricken soul, she'll want all the comfort we can give her."

"But is it true, papa?" she asked in terror, as the door closed on Miss O'Grady, who led her mother away with a white set face whose calmness was painful to see. "Is Gus dead?"

"Yes, my child, murdered here on his own land, in sight of his own home! Can Heaven look down upon such sights unmoved?"

"Get that poor soul carried to her room, my dear. They are bringing it to the house."

It which half an hour ago had been a hale, strong man, full of life and hope!

His own words struck him with their painful significance, and for one brief moment Lord Scatterbrain broke down and sobbed like a very woman. The servants were summoned and Angel carried to her room, only just as the tramping of heavy feet came to the hall door and the corpse of the master was carried over the threshold.

Miss O'Grady came down calm and still to meet the bearers with their load.

"My mother knows nothing," she said, grasping Horace's arm. "She must not be told to-night. Angel is insensible to everything yet. Tell me all you know, Horace; who did it?"

They had drawn away from the long hall table on which the servants were depositing the corpse of their master with reverential awe and care and she looked up in his face, which was even more drawn and rigid than her own.

"You know something, brother," she said. "Speak, who did this foul deed!"

"I did."

"You!"

"Aye, as much as though I had lifted my hand, and struck my brother down. His blood is on my head. He was killed for me, Augusta!"

"Horace, Horace!" She thought he was raving, but he went on unheeding her:—

"You see that dagger?" pointing to the weapon Lord Scatterbrain had drawn from the corpse, and which the priest held in his hand. "I know it well; it belongs to my bitterest enemy; the cloak which is wrapped around that poor corpse is mine; our slouch hats were alike; Gus has been taken for me, and paid for the mistake with his life!"

No one had noticed the cloak before, but there was terrible truth in what the young man said.

"Who was it, brother?" again asked Augusta, her voice rising to a shrill shriek with agitation. "Tell us his name?"

"The man who stole my wife from me years ago, who blighted her innocent life, and sent her to a hideous death by his devilish persecution; the man whom I have sworn to hunt to his fate, the fiend Tristraile. Look at that weapon, some of you, and see if I have not spoken truly."

They pressed round the priest to examine the dagger, which was a Malay creese, curiously inlaid. The handle bore a small silver plate, on which was engraved the name of Tristraile and a date.

CHAPTER XIX.

A CUSTOMER TO THE "CAT AND BAGPIPES."

"Alas for them but not for thee,
They cannot choose but weep the more;
Deep for the dead the grief must be,
Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before."—BYRON.

Whether the idea with which Horace O'Grady was tormenting himself was correct there seemed no possibility of finding out; that the dagger with which his brother had been murdered was Captain Tristraile's he would have known without the evidence of the name on the handle.

He had seen it dozens of times as had almost every man who knew its owner; it had been lifted to him on the night when they had quarreled in Canada and but for the interference of those present would, in all probability, have done for him then what he had so fatally accomplished on his brother now.

In vain Augusta, his wife and the whole family tried to assure him that he must be mistaken, that the creese had most likely passed into other hands and that both assassin and motive would speedily be discovered. Horace cherished his own idea and mourned for his brother with double grief.

The promptest measures were taken to discover the murderer, but for any result that came of it, it might as well have been let alone; no trace of the criminal could be found. Horace issued the minutest description of Tristraile and the peasant who had met and talked with the strange man who employed him to draw the priest away from the squire gave an equally faithful account of the person; but no one answering to either description had been seen in the neighborhood since.

One thing seemed to corroborate Horace's idea of a mistake; the man admitted having blundered between the two brothers, being misled by the cloak and hat. But nothing came of it, though tremendous rewards were offered and detectives came from London full of eager zeal to hunt out the criminal, who seemed to have vanished off the face of the earth.

The inquest was held and the squire was buried, half the country being at the funeral, not with empty words and cold sentences of sympathy, but with real heartfelt grief for the master they had loved and honored, and the friend whose heart and hand were ever ready with help and comfort in their distress. Angel bore her great affliction in a manner which surprised them all; when the will was read and she learned the wise provision her husband had made for her and her little ones, and how thoughtful he had been of her in his great love, she roused herself from her crushing grief.

"I will be worthy of his trust," she said to Katty. "He shall see how I will care for his children and his good name."

And so she did; as long as the Dingles remained in her son's possession she showed herself a wise and true guardian of his interests, battling with her own delicate health and forcing herself to be what she thought her husband would have her, and winning for herself a name never spoken among the simple peasantry around without a blessing.

But this is anticipation. For the present there was more sorrow hanging over the household; her son's death was the last event in old Mrs. O'Grady's life; from the hour that she was told that he was dead she never lifted up her head again; she insisted on hearing all the particulars and then, with the tearless grief of old age, she faded quietly out of the world, dying on the evening of the day of his funeral.

It was a painless, quiet end, but it was hard to see two vacant chairs and have two funeral trains leave the house within a few days of each other. Horace and his wife stayed with Angeline for a little while, and it was a hard day for them all when the poor wife, looking so young in her black robes and spotless widow's cap, came down to dinner for the first time with only Horace to head her table for her boy.

It was painful to see the newspapers which every day brought in, and to read the garbled penny a liner stories which continually appeared in their columns. The most trivial matters connected with the family were made subject matter for this the most mischievous of gossip, and Horace got terribly indignant at thus being held up as it were to public comment. But he read every word bearing upon the case in the faint hope that he might, perhaps, come upon a grain of truth at the bottom of the mountain of falsehood and tittle tattle of which such reports are made, and at length his patience was rewarded.

One morning he hit upon a paragraph in a Dublin morning paper. It was headed "The Kildare Tragedy, Strange Occurrence," and its contents caused Horace to start off for the capital immediately, only to be once more foiled and again lose the track of his brother's murderer.

It was on a Saturday, ten days after his mother's funeral, and on the evening before the landlord of a little public house in a low part of Dublin called Cork Lane was standing at the door of his house, pipe in mouth, looking out for customers. It was only a beer-house, the dignity of a spirit license he could not attain to as yet, and the "Cat and Bagpipes," which was the old name of his house, was a very small hostelrie, indeed. It was almost full at the present moment; three or four laborers and one of two carmen were standing in front of the little counter, drinking and talking; to them presently entered another, a tall man, very shabby and with a white worn face, as if he were either ill or sorely fatigued. They made way for him to approach the counter, where he asked for a pint of ale and dropped upon a seat behind him, as if too weary to stand any longer.

"You're done up, master," said the landlord, drawing the beer, but waiting for the money before he allowed his customer to touch the measure.

"Aye, so done up, that I hardly know whether my soul's in my body," the man replied, "Oh, I've money," he went on, pulling out a handful of coppers and loose silver, "now then I'll pay for a pint of ale. Ah! that's something like life!" taking a deep draught from the pewter pot, "I feel a new man already; it's long since I tasted such nectar as that."

"Not tasted beer?" said one of the men, "you must have been hard up."

"There's other reasons," said the stranger, whose tongue the drink seemed to have unloosed, "a fellow may be where he can't get it."

"Not in Ireland any way," said another and then there was a general laugh, in which the new comer joined, but not heartily; his laughter seemed only of the lips and was rather ghastly merriment."

"This is a queer fish," the landlord thought, but the man sat very quiet with his ale and a pipe and molested no one, so nothing further was said to him and the conversation turned on general topics, one of which, as was natural, was the Kildare murder, as the catastrophe at the Dingles was generally called. The landlord marked the start the man gave at the name of O'Grady and said to him."

"You've heard of it, of course."

"Oh yes, I've heard of it, everybody has."

"Know anything about it? You seem to know the name well enough."

"How should I know anything about it. I was more than a hundred miles away when it happened; never was at Kildare in my life. As to the name, I do know it; I knew the man that's—that's dead, two years ago."

"Then you knew as good a man as ever walked God's earth; poor Squire O'Grady, there are few like him."

"Squire O'Grady!" said the stranger, with a contemptuous laugh, "since when was he the squire? When I knew him he was a very poor and very impudent younger brother with nothing to live on but his wits and not much of them, that any one could see."

"Squire O'Grady, God rest him, was never a younger brother; you can't know much about them, mate, or you would not fancy it."

"I'm speaking of the man that was killed on New Year's eve, Horace O'Grady, I knew him well."

"Ah, you've heard the story that's going about that the squire was killed in mistake for his brother; the man who did it asked a fellow (who ought to be hung as high as Haman, for his part in the matter) who the squire was and he told him Mr. Horace, and the next thing that came about was the murder. It's the squire that's dead; Mr. Horace is alive and well.

Whatever his words might mean to the stranger, they produced an odd effect. He sprang to the counter, caught the speaker by the shoulder, and hissed in his ear with the fury of a demon:—

"You lie! Horace O'Grady is dead. Dead, I tell you! I swear it!"

"He ain't, he's alive," retorted the landlord, shaking himself free. "He's mad, hold him, mates; don't let him go."

But the man did not attempt to stir, only stood staring with working face and white lips, muttering unintelligible sound.

"It's true," one of the customers said. "I drove Mr. Horace O'Grady to the police-court when he was here a week ago. I know him well; I worked at the Dingles myself not long ago."

"I saw him up at the court myself," another remarked. "Besides, all the country knows it was the squire as was stabbed, not him. I don't know where you could have been not to hear of it. Hullo! What's the matter now? Bear a hand, mates, some of you!" For all the answer the man made to his remark was to stare wildly at him and then fall prone in the midst of them, in terrible convulsions.

And this was the story which Horace O'Grady read in the newspaper, and started for Dublin without an hour's delay. It was quite true, he found; the landlord thought it odd, but it was no business of his, and the police had carried the man to the workhouse.

From the workhouse he had taken his departure that morning, "shaking all over, and looking like a dying man," the porter said, and gone no one knew where.

Horace writhed with disappointment and anger; it seemed so clear to him that this mysterious stranger was the man, to see whom apprehended he would have given half his fortune, and he could not understand everybody else's scepticism in the matter.

The descriptions given by those who had seen the man were very vague, some declaring that he was fair, some that he was dark. One called him old, another young. The only point upon which they agreed was that he was tall, but the police, astute and far-seeing as they are supposed to be, can hardly arrest a man because he is tall and happens to show agitation on hearing a piece of news.

In vain Horace advertised and set the police to work, offering a considerable reward to find this man who had so queerly appeared and then vanished. He was never found. All sorts of tall people, with hair and complexion of every imaginable hue, were brought up for inspection, but none of them, in the least, resembled the person Mr. O'Grady wanted to find in the customer of the Cat and Bagpipes.

Time wore on, and other Irish murders and aggressions took place to fill the people's minds and the columns of the newspapers; the Kildare murder grew to be looked upon as one of the mysteries that sometimes creep up amongst the every day events of our time. Squire O'Grady was remembered with regret and his little son in his black tunic, the possessor of his fine estate, looked upon by the simple people as a sort of infant angel, who would one day watch over their interests as his father had done.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE INVENTOR OF ENVELOPES.—About forty years ago there lived at Brighton, Eng., a bookseller and stationer of the name of S. K. Brewer, and he used to place in his shop window piles of paper, beginning at the largest up to the then smallest size, 16mo; but to finish off the pile he cut cards so as to bring them up to a point. Ladies used to go in and ask for that "dear little paper," which induced him to cut paper in small sizes. Then came the difficulty of the place for address; and the result was he invented the envelope and had metal plates made for cutting them to shape and sizes. This just pleased the ladies and orders came to him for the little paper and envelopes from all parts. This at length became such a demand upon his time that he got Dobbs & Co., of London, to make them for him. Such was the beginning of the envelope trade.

DRAWING THE LONG BOW.—The Persians appear, from all accounts, to be astonishingly expert in the art of shooting in the long bow. These people may be placed with the first rank of archers. Chardin says that the Persians, in their exercises, shoot in the bow with incredible accuracy; so accurate that "they will often drive an arrow into the same hole." Their excellence in shooting, while on horseback, is thus described by Chardin:—"A mark is placed on the top of a pole, about twenty-six feet from the ground, the horseman rides at full speed towards the mark, and, having passed it (his bow being ready drawn), turns round and discharges his arrow backwards. Sometimes they shoot to the right hand and sometimes to the left. The nobility and kings are fond of and often practice this amusement."

TRUE COURTESY.—Real courtesy is very different from the courtesy which blooms in the sunshine of love and beauty, and withers and cools to age. Show me the man who can quit the brilliant society of the young to listen to the kindly voice of age; who can hold cheerful converse with one whom years have deprived of charms; show me the man of generous impulses, who is always ready to help the poor and needy; show me the man who protects unprotected maidenhood as he would the heiress, surrounded by the protection of rank, riches and family; show me the man who never forgets, for an instant, the delicacy, the respect that is due to a woman in any condition or class; show me such a man, and you show me a gentleman—nay, you show me better—you show me a true Christian.

WANTING FRIENDS.—"I wish that I had some good friends to help me in life," cried idle Dennis, with a yawn. "Good friends! Why you have ten!" replied his master. "I'm sure I haven't half so many, and those I have are too poor to help me." "Count your fingers, my boy," said his master. Dennis looked at his hands, spread them out and said, "I have; there are ten," "said the lad. "Then never say that you have not got ten good friends, able to help you on in life. Try what these true friends can do before you begin grumbling and fretting because you do not get help from others."

WHATEVER expands the affections, or enlarges the sphere of our sympathies—whatever makes us feel our relation to the universe, and all that is inherein in time or eternity, to the great and beneficial cause of all, must unquestionably refine our nature and elevate it to the scale of beings.

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1869.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
Nos. 83 and 93 Centre st., corner of Leonard.
Box 3,860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

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NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

W. T. H., Pittsburgh, Pa.—1 Tom White rowed from Putney to Mortlake, Eng., in the fastest time on record, viz., 23:13. The distance is 4¼ miles. 2. Josh Ward is credited with having pulled five miles in 33:10, the quickest time in this country. 3. Hamill's best authenticated five mile time was 37:39, made on the Schuylkill against Ward. 4. We can send you a copy for 25 cents.

OBSERVER, St. Louis, Mo.—If the articles of agreement state that either party failing to put up the several deposits for "its the money down, then Coyne is entitled to the money. We understand, however, that the manner in which the agreement is worded, leaves a loop hole by which the stakeholder can justly refuse to give it to either.

C. R. London, Ont.—The fifty chances having been taken no more could come in after the throwing commenced, unless by general consent, and the highest thrower of the fifty is entitled to the prize, unless there was a tie, in which event the parties making it must either divide or throw off for it.

LAFAYETTE, Indiana.—A goes out first with his high. Had Jack been turned up as trump, then C would have been out first. When made public, at what stage of the game, Jack does not score until after high and low.

M. D.—Edwin Forrest did not play at the Boston Theatre on Thanksgiving night of last year. Mrs. Lander was there. Forrest was in Philadelphia, at the walnut, that night, and opened in Boston on Dec. 7.

CHARLIE, New Haven.—1. Your railway and hotel expenses would be included. 2. You would have to furnish your own wardrobe. 3. Generally the manager advances the money, which is deducted from your salary. 4. Fifteen cents a line for advertising.

L. STREET, Boston.—We take the ground that the player cannot go alone when a partner assists, as in the case stated, because if it were permitted, one of the adversaries would be deprived of his right—to say what he will do, in his regular turn.

G. F. G., Dover.—Abel Drugger was a favorite character of David Garrick's and is in the play of "The Alchymist." Garrick's farewell of the stage was June 10th, 1776, as Don Felix in "The Wonder."

AN OLD READER.—As you seem to have been a willing party to the arrangement, you will not gain much by bringing suit against him.

CHICAGO.—1 George Wright. 2. George Wright. 3. Bearman. 4. Hatfield. 5. McMullin. 6. Ferguson. 7. Nelson. 8. Take your choice.

C. C. K.—1 Geo. Wright, Waterman, Hatfield, Johnson, Fisler, Reach, Sensenderfer, Radcliff, McBride. 2. Brainard and Allison. 3. Yes. 4. About as good.

C. E., Baltimore.—1. There are openings in most of the large cities; we cannot advise you which to select. 2. The current rate of premium on gold is the difference.

EUCHRE.—It is played differently in different localities. Our opinion is that where a player offers to assist, his partner cannot go alone and make four tricks.

E. F. G., Pittsburgh.—Tony Pastor took possession of his present Opera House in the Bowery, in conjunction with Sam Sharpley, on July 31, 1865.

AMANDA.—1. Dexter is a gelding. 2. Dan Mace did not ride in the race between Dexter, Toronto Chief and General Butler. 3. Maud got the better of the mare in the match in question.

G. D. L.—We should advise you and your friend not to send the lady any letters, for if you do they might fall into the hands of her husband, who might not like it.

PATRICK, Fort Yuma, Cal.—We do not answer questions by mail. The Olympics, of Washington, defeated the 'Red Stockings," 22 to 9, Sept. 25th, 1868.

W. J. W.—The Robert Butler, pantomimist, and Robert Butler, manager of the Theatre Comique, are believed not the same individual, nor are they in any way related.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Susquehanna Depot.—You can procure a copy of the play from R. M. Dewitt, whose address find among our theatrical advertisements.

F. GADLEY, Springfield, Ill.—Sayers and Heenan traveled together with Howe's and Cushing's Circus, giving sparring exhibitions after their fight.

CONSTANT READER, Easton, Pa.—1. His fortune is variously estimated at from $25,000,000 to $60,000,000. 2. Astor and Stewart, probably.

C. B. F., Chicago.—1. This state voted 429 883 for Seymour against 419,883 for Grant, and 439,301 for Hoffman against 411,255 for Griswold. 2. We do not.

FRANK, Washington.—Mary Gannon died in this city some time ago. 2. Lydia is a widow. 3. Should be pleased to have the programme.

HENRY, East Hampton, Mass.—In scratching, the dog must cross the pit to the other dog's corner and commence fighting, else he loses.

M. H., La Porte, Ind.—The match having resulted in a tie, neither party was the $100, but the horses must either trot again or the money be drawn.

S. N. S., Baltimore.—Lady Fulton, Captain McGowan and John Stewart have trotted twenty miles within the hour in the last twenty years.

T. L., Dracut, Mass.—He can take up the card when he declares his intention, and before the adversary plays.

HUGH LAW, Boston.—B wins with his ace. See answer to "Lafayette."

CONSTANT READER.—The score of the last Eckford-Powhatan game was 6 to 7.

J. M. A., Cleveland, Ohio.—Six runs and one out. 2. Hard to say.

ROLLAND, Pittsburgh.—1. You should have received your quota in May. 2 to 3. Edward L. Gill.

J. WYNNE, Cornwall.—1. We do not know his address. 2. Apply at an advertising agency.

E. W. T., Springfield, Ill.—It is entirely out of our line, and we are unable to give you the party's address.

W. S., Philadelphia.—The story has not been published in book form.

H. M. M., Cincinnati.—We have a regular there, and have had him for more than a year.

RED CROSS, Houghton, Mich.—Both were wrong, and the bet is a draw.

G. F.—The lady is married, and her husband is a musician engaged at the same place of amusement.

C. T. H.—Mr. Lewis Baker, Boucicault's agent, can furnish you with a copy. A letter sent to Niblo's Garden will reach him.

BERT, Chicago.—He is in Boston, but not playing anywhere at present.

F. G., New Oxford.—You had better advertise for what you want.

GUS, Philadelphia, Pa.—The *Spirit of the Times* is the only sporting paper published in California.

THE YANKEE BOY, Natick, Mass.—Collyer's height is 5ft. 8½ in.; Sheppard's is the same.

DOCTOR, Boston.—1. Kittie is 26 years of age. 2. Eliza is at present at the Olympic, in this city.

PRINTER.—1. A and C are equal winners. 2. If they were playing for a sweepstakes of fifty cents each on every game, it was $2.

S. H. R. RITTER'S.—We cannot tell what your match is worth in New York. Pacers do not bring such high prices as trotters.

A NOVICE.—A's hand is foul if he only held four cards, and B wins the money.

SUBSCRIBER, New Orleans.—The fastest time for one mile exactly a Heenan's, 1:43½.

W. H. M., Wilmington.—1. We make no charge for answering correspondents. 2. W. Aldridge died in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1867.

F. L. M., Bath.—He is at present in this city, disengaged, and a letter sent to this office will reach him.

TOM HOBBINGTON.—Your question is hard to decide. It is a mere matter of opinion any way. We think a better could be picked out.

FRANK, Chicago.—As long as the game was played the bet holds good, no matter whether there were eight or nine players.

CLIPPER, Alton, Ill.—Clark has the best average, but not both on outs and runs.

CONSTANT READER, Meadville, Pa.—1. We do. 2. Brainard, pitcher. 3. Bison, catcher.

AMATEUR, Leavenworth.—F. C. Wemyss, No. 2 Astor Place, this city, can ja mish you with them.

A. D. F., Baltimore.—A letter sent to the Cincinnati *Commercial* will reach him.

G. B. R., Newark, N. J.—Apply to Thompson & Riggs, Dramatic Agents, 512 Broadway, this city.

BOB HANNER.—Twenty dollars a week is a good salary, with traveling expenses, for such a performer.

SECOND CHOICE.—We cannot advise you in such a matter. To star such a company it would require about $2,000.

MARTIN HANLEY.—Letters for Marietta and yourself were mailed from this office on Oct. 30th.

ED S., Mobile, Ala.—Will give you the number of some firm in that line, next week.

J. T. GLENNON, Hamilton, O.—No steamer has ever made the passage between New York and Liverpool in eight days.

J. G.—If Wm was expected back a couple of weeks ago, but we have not heard anything of him since.

ROWLOCK, Bangor, N. Y.—1. They were both shells. 2. They turned thrice.

NEW YORK ENQUIRY.—He can claim a mistrial, under the circumstances, and the deal is cancelled.

H. T. H., Newport.—He is traveling east with Jenny Kimball's Combination.

R. H. T., Bridgeport.—She is at the Old Bowery Theatre, New York.

SAN AUGUSTA.—You will find the lady's whereabouts noticed in the Summary of Variety Halls.

E. D. E., St. Louis.—A letter sent to this office for Charles M. Barras will reach the author.

READER, New York.—Goldie played first base in both games, when the Unions gained the championship.

STARBOARDER.—It is a matter of opinion, and we cannot undertake to decide.

LONE HAND.—A lone hand can be euchred by the adversaries taking three or more tricks.

J. G. B., Montreal.—1. See terms at another part of this paper. 2. She is responsible.

TRENTON.—There is not sufficient interest taken in such matters, at present, to warrant their republication.

G. P. S., Roxbury.—General baker's best time, under saddle, was 2:21, to wagon, 2:27.

A. F. Chicago.—See reply to "Euchre."

MOUCARON.—See answer to "Red Cross."

RAIL BALL, Cincinnati.—1. A. C. D. 2. No.

CLERGYMAN.—They are both put in to play together.

OXFORD.—A flush or Prairie beats three of a kind.

CLOCKIST, Cleveland.—There is no champion.

PET.—Lotta is not married. She is twenty-one years of age.

FORDHAM, Rochester, N.—We have a regular in your city.

M. A. W., Flint.—We shall be pleased to hear from you regularly.

CLIPPER HAND, St. Louis.—James Robinson.

P. B.—The late W. R. Blake died in Boston, April 22d, 1863.

GAS, Allegheny.—We don't know.

R. H. M., Brier Hill.—See answer to "Euchre."

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Forrest was born March 9, 1806.

M. F. B.—The striker was the only one out.

SHOO FLY.—See answer to another correspondent.

CONSTANT READER, Schenectady.—Fifty minutes.

G. B. R., Buffalo.—We have one.

D. W., Baltimore.—Dexter's best time in harness was 2:17¼.

A CONSTANT READER.—Cash received.

W. H., South Boston.—It is Prince Edward's Island.

A WESTERN EDITOR, who seems to know whereof he speaks, says that "every cord of wood given to the poor will be so much fuel saved from use in the next world." Now, then, you scallywags, here's a chance to make yourselves more comfortable in the place you are going to, and all who have *a cord* to spare, should govern themselves *ac-cord-ingly*.

A WOMAN IN FRANCE recently snatched a child from the rails of a Lyons railroad as a train passed, thus saving the child's life, as well, probably, as the lives of some of the passengers. The directors awarded her *one franc* (about twenty cents) for the service she had rendered. Can that be considered as a *franc* acknowledgment?

THE ONONDAGA STATUE.

The discovery of a monumental remain of presumptive antiquity in the neighborhood of the town of Cardiff, a post village not far distant from the city of Syracuse, in the centre of our State, bids fair to become as much a matter of dispute as the origin of the famous Aztec children. The reputation of the interior of New York for its aptitude in the creation of marvels has already been established, and we were therefore disposed to take the wonderful story of the colossal petrification, as it was first designated, with as many grains of salt as the saline waters of Onondaga could conveniently produce. We remembered that in that section of the universe Joe Smith mysteriously discovered the golden plates of the Mormon Bible; that further along we were treated to the great Morgan mystery, and furthermore, from time to time, there had been exhumed from the salt meadows of this very Onondaga county a variety of antiques running from the days of the mound builders down to those of the Canadian Jesuits. Under all these circumstances, we were inclined to believe that the stone giant was either a gigantic hoax or a work of commendable respectability.

We are assured by several chroniclers, with great plausability, that the monumental effigy was the production of a half witted Frenchman, who imagined himself destined to outrival Michael Angelo; but, as it appears that the only man cognizant of the existence of the demented sculptor, now deceased, is himself lying at the point of death, we are forced to admit that the explanation of the pretended hoax is more suspicious than the creation of the statue itself, which is an undeniable effigy of some deceased person of the Caucassian race, hewn from the soft gypsum, where the plaster of Paris of that locality is daily produced. The only question comes up as to how the memorial of a European, evidently created on the soil, came to be found in that wilderness and to have escaped all researches of our local antiquaries.

There exists in the Albany Museum a stone, some fourteen inches long, bearing a representation of a serpent climbing upon a tree, which was discovered some years back in this same county, and conceded to be a relic of the Spanish colony which made an attempt to explore the country for silver about the year 1669. The Spaniards of Florida, deceived by the Indian tradition as to a lake whose bottom was of pure silver, penetrated to the country of the Onondagas, where they found merely the salt springs held in reverence by the aborigines from their medicinal properties. These pioneers, twenty-three in number, upon their arrival discovered the place in the occupation of some French immigrants from Canada, who had established a Jesuit mission. The mutual jealousy of the two branches of the Latin race, and the avidity of the Spaniards in treasure hunting, contributed to sow the seeds of discontent between the Indians and their former friends, and hence, upon All-Saints' Day, in 1669, the Onondagas treacherously fired the mission, and neither Spaniard or Frenchman survived to relate particulars of the deed of direful massacre.

It is to these unfortunate settlers that the numerous antiquities, from time to time discovered in the region of Onondaga, have been generally attributed; and, in the case of the giant statue, the same opinion has been advanced by the geologist, Dr. Boynton, when a second discovery of an equally interesting relic, accidentally made by a young man in the immediate neighborhood of the colossus, throws a totally new light upon the historical mystery surrounding the monument. Among the rubbish encircling the figure, which most probably was a funeral effigy at one time covering a flat tomb, the son of a Dr. Henderson picked up an ancient coin purporting to be that of a Welsh prince of Glamorgan, bearing the remote date of 1091 of our era, with other legends in a high state of preservation, and which, if genuine—as any experienced numismatician would readily explain—would give rise to the impression that this work of art had originated from a Welsh immigration, generally considered as mythical, which occurred four hundred years prior to the advent of Christopher Columbus into transatlantic waters.

The chronicles of the principality of Wales assert that at the close of the eleventh century—that is about eight hundred years ago—Madog-ap-Owen Gwynedd, a prince of Powis, or a section of Cambria, disgusted with the continuance of civil wars in his native country, set sail upon an exploring expedition, steering his vessel beyond Ireland and thence westward over the broad ocean. After an absence of several months Madog returned and gave so glowing an account of a country he had discovered far beyond the seas, that he re-embarked with three large ship loads of followers, none of whom ever were heard from, or transmitted tidings of their settlement in the New World. Various conjectures have been advanced as to the point reached by the Welsh prince, a majority of commentators inclining to an impression that he reached the shores of Mexico and laid the foundation of the Aztec Empire, a suspicion greatly enhanced by considering the religion of the Mexicans, at the time of the Spanish invasion, to greatly resemble that of Druidism, so ardently conserved by members of the Bardic order, in ancient Britain, to a very recent date.

Others, believing the voyage of Madog in a southerly direction to be an impossibility, through lack of knowledge of the mariner's compass, are inclined to believe that the Cambrians followed in the track of the Northmen, who, prior even to that early date, had not only visited America, but established colonies in Greenland, and at several points along our coast, mainly for the purpose of the fisheries. This course would have landed the Welchmen in our northern states, and who can deny but that they constituted that race of mound builders who traversed the valley of the Ohio and descended into the central portion of the continent, leaving behind them those wonderful ruins in Arizona and elsewhere which have excited the admiration of travelers. And may not this Onondaga monument be a covering to the sepulchre of one of Madog's lordly followers, if not of that prince himself?

IF ANYBODY asks you what the "Ecumenical Council" means, you can tell them that the word Ecumenical is the same as general, implying a general assembly of such and such a body, perhaps. The Ecumenical Council is a gathering of all the Roman Catholic Bishops in the world. There are very few men in the world who do more travelling than the Catholic clergy; they are liable at all times to be sent here, there, and everywhere. Hence they may with truth be styled *Roaming* Catholics.

THOSE GENTLEMEN WHO "FIT MIT SIGEL" and Horace Greeley at our late election, are said to have been badly beaten. "Our Jim," who ate mush and milk with Sigel and Greeley a day or two after the fight, says they put him in mind of a "Sigel pair" out of season. For the life of us we cannot see where the *pint* is. [He kin see the *pint* easy enough when he goes for his *beer*.—"OUR JIM."]

IN THE ENTHUSIASM evoked among the Democrats by their recent victory in this State, one William Green became burned in the face by a wad from a pistol in the hands of one Thomas Burns, who, being *fired* with political patriotism, *fired* off his pistol. Mr. *Burns* will have to be careful, hereafter, how he *burns* other people.

"THE DAY."—A new one cent daily paper, bearing the title of *The Day*, dawned upon the Philadelphia public the past week, for the first time. It is published by Alexander Cummings, and already gives evidence of public approval and favor. We trust that we may never be called upon to record the break of this *Day*.

BYRONIC CHOLER.—It has been said that Harriet B. Stowe, authoress of "Uncle Tom" and the "Byron Scandal," is about to retire from public life. Some persons are unkind enough to hope that *Harriet* will *bestow* herself on some other peoples than ours.

THE SUBJECT of Woman's Rights is being agitated all around in spots. If allowed to *vote*, the *vote*-aries of the theory of female suffrage contend that *women* could *man* the ship of state, and *man*-age the affairs of government the same as "any other man."

THE WALTER JONES GUARD, named after the builder of the CLIPPER office, will make their first annual parade for target practice, on Friday, Nov. 12th; the shooting will take place at Carl Park, Morrisania. In the evening, the Guards have a ball at Irving Hall.

THE BASE BALL SEASON of '69 is near its close. Owing to various causes, the profits have not been so heavy as during the campaigns of 1867-8. Better act on the *square*, boys, if you want the good things to go *round*.

THE MCCOOLE AND ALLEN UNPLEASANTNESS.—Should this proposed little affair come to a head on the 10th inst., a full report of the "difficulty" will be given in next week's CLIPPER.

A BAR TENDER in Chicago recently poisoned himself through fear of starving to death. That *bar tender* must have had a *tender* spot in his head.

WALTER BROWN is said to have been "shamefully abused" during a recent boat race in England. He must be a smart chap to get ahead of Walter on that score.

WHERE IS THE YACHT DAUNTLESS, and what has her owner, *Bennett, been at*, of late? We haven't heard much of either since their defeat in the French regatta.

THOSE PERSONS who are so anxious for Bonner to show the speed of his flyers in public, are supposed to have *sinister* designs on *Dexter*, "Shoo Fly."

SINCE THE ELECTION, divers incumbents are greatly *moved* at the prospect of being re-moved to make room for others.

"STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS, or Forty Years Recollections of P. T. Barnum," has just been issued from the press at Hartford, Conn. In next week's CLIPPER we will notice this interesting book more at length.

HELPER, the man who wrote the "Irrepressible Conflict," is said to be really in need of a *helper* himself just now.

CAN NAPOLEON'S *standing* army be considered as on a peace *footing* at present?

Squibs and Things.

— A young lady of Rondout, while on her way to be married, was thrown from the carriage, and had her leg broken. It was proposed to remove her to the house of a surgeon near by to have the limb set. To this she demurred, saying she was going to be married first, and so she was.

— The latest swindling dodge in Paris is played upon the hack drivers. An invalid on crutches hired a hack, and on arriving at his destination desired the driver to go and inquire for some person; while the driver is away the bogus invalid takes the reins.

— The chapel of a cemetery in France is provided with an electric bell, which is attached to every coffin before interment. The least motion of the body rings the bell, thus calling the attention of the guard, and prevents the possibility of premature burial.

— There were 760,000,000 letters passed through the United States mails during the past fiscal year. This is an increase of 40,000,000 over any previous year, and an average of about twenty letters for each man, woman and child in the United States.

— Clapham, England, has been placarded as follows:—"Ned Wright, who, before his conversion, was convicted three times of burglary, will deliver a Gospel address. Come and welcome. No collection." Wright is supposed to be doing right now.

— A company of tourists from Alexandria to Suez came near being roasted in the railroad cars, which caught fire. They succeeded in attracting the engine driver's attention by discharging their revolvers, and thus escaping with a fright.

— Two of the oldest bank officers in the U. S. are Mr. E. Williams, aged 90, President of the Northampton National Bank, and Mr. S. Williams, President of the Utica Savings Bank. They must both be "good bills" to remain in use so long.

— A young Swede killed four bears near Lake City, Minn. He found them in a hole in a rock, and coaxed them out with a long pole. When they appeared he gave them their quietus with an old shot gun by shooting them through the eye.

— The flag of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania Regt., captured at the battle of Gettysburg, and afterwards recovered among the baggage captured from Jeff Davis, has been returned to the State Adjutant at Harrisburg, Pa.

— A New Orleans priest, who came to this city on a holy errand through the failure of a brother, got into debt and was locked up in Ludlow street jail, and, after five weeks' incarceration, was rescued by the Rev. Dr. Le Roy, of Brooklyn.

— Griffith Griffiths, the oldest volunteer fireman in this city, was buried last week. He joined the department in 1809, and belonged to Engine Company No. 30 in 1812, and resigned active duty in 1820. Deceased was born in 1784.

— San Francisco has just turned out the first article of tinware manufactured from tin mined in the United States. It is a case to contain the Pioneers' certificate of honorary membership presented to the Hon. Wm. H. Seward.

— The prisons of Prussia are so full that the government was recently obliged to purchase an old castle to accommodate upwards of 200. Our prisons would be that way if pardons were not as numerous as convictions.

— An exchange, after publishing a notice of the Worrell Sisters, makes the following correction:—"The types represented them as 'displaying their little nakedness;' it should have been 'displaying their Lalla Rookedness.'"

— In Connecticut a man drew a prize of some "violin music" in a gift concern, and another drew a bow. They wish to form a partnership with some one who has a violin, that they may practice occasionally.

— The towel which Hannah Dustin used to tie up fifteen Indian scalps in when she escaped from captivity and returned to Haverhill, Mass., is yet in a good state of preservation in the family of C. H. Rowell, of Randolph.

— A shampooing helmet has been invented by a San Francisco barber. It fits close to the head and has no crown. The suds are poured in, and when the cleansing process is over run off by means of a tube.

— The Fat Men's Club is daily receiving heavy additions to its members. Among the latest are L. L. Bennett, 296 pounds; Isaac H. Brown, 308 pounds; Wm. M. Tweed, 209 pounds; and John M. Scott, 240 pounds.

— The offices of the Camden and Amboy Railroad are to be removed to the foot of Desbrosses street on the 1st of May next. The new buildings, docks, &c., now in course of construction, are to cost $100,000.

— A wedding which was to have been consummated at Cairo, Ill., the other day, was postponed by a telegram from the groom which read: "Have to wait till next week. Wife has overhauled me."

— In fourteen churches in London, Eng., the income of whose pastors amounts collectively to £7,074 per year, only 162 worshippers were found on a Sunday morning recently by a statistical observer.

— The editor of a Dubuque paper says it looks strange to an outsider to see a young lady leaning back in a chair intently engaged in "reading a newspaper with her feet"—on the window still.

— At a late dinner given at Constantinople in honor of the arrival of the French Empress in that city, one of the dishes was composed entirely of ostrich brains. May be they had no other kind there.

— A large amount of buried silver has been discovered on the Cocos Island by an expedition from Costa Rica, which went in search of $10,000,000 supposed to have been buried there by pirates.

— The Viceroy of Egypt has tendered a special compliment to the King of Italy, in the shape of eight horses and several wild beasts. Italy might send as an acknowledgement half a dozen bandits.

— The Board of Health of this city granted sixteen burial permits on the 1st of Nov. from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., the average ages of the deceased being 73 5-18, the oldest 87, the youngest 54.

— A farmer in Iowa, in gathering nuts, disturbed a rattlesnake, which bit him three times—once on the cheek and twice on the shoulder—from the effects of which he died in a short time.

— There is now no ex-President of the United States—elected by the people to that office—living. Such a state of affairs has not previously happened since John Adams went out of office.

— A Memphis judge, in a recent decision, stated that faro is "comparatively a harmless recreation," but that keno is the "most dangerous of gaming devices." Guess he lost at keno.

— A lady in Indiana entered suit for a breach of promise of marriage—claiming $50,000 damage as a plaster for her "broken heart and blighted prospects." The jury gave her $1,500.

— During the month of October there were deposited at the Mint at San Francisco, Cal., 89,080 ounces of gold and 57,000 ounces of silver. Japan sent 28,000 ounces of silver for re-comage.

— A Cincinnati witness not long ago cowhided an impertinent lawyer, for which the court fined him $5. He paid the fine cheerfully and says he considers it "cheap amusement."

— Seven brothers and sisters are living in the neighborhood of Bull Run, Knox Co., Tenn., whose united ages are 538 years. Their respective ages are 85, 82, 79, 77, 75, 70 and 70.

— A Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, states that "a man cannot stand perfectly motionless for half an hour; that he once tried to do so and fainted away at the end of twenty minutes."

— Alice Cenci, who claimed to be the last survivor of the unfortunate Cenci family, celebrated in the drama of Shelley, and the novel of Guerrazzi, died at Bologna recently.

— A six-shooter was employed by a West Virginia judge, the other day, to calm down an excited lawyer. We judge that such a judge must give stunning judgments.

— During the past week Salt Lake was navigated, for the first time, by a schooner, which sailed from Corinne, Utah, to Stockton, a town on the southern shore of the lake.

— During the month of October there were fifty fires in this city, involving a loss of $482,200. During the same period Brooklyn had twenty-five fires, with a loss of $52,000.

— The Stevens' Battery, "over in the Jarsies," is being pushed towards completion under the direction of Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, but it will take over a year to finish it.

— Several young men of Lansing, Iowa, have formed a club and pledged themselves to marry none but widows. They seem to disregard the advice of the elder Weller.

— A deaf organ grinder in Cincinnati was found grinding a dumb machine the other morning. Upon investigation it was found that some boys had stolen the inside.

— The city of Alexandria, Va., is a model of dullness. It has a population of 15,000, and not a single billiard table, ten-pin alley, roulette or gambling saloon.

— There were 1,379 arrests made and fourteen lost children found and returned to their homes by the Brooklyn police during the month of October.

— 472 miles is the distance from Chicago to Omaha, which was traversed by a passenger train in 17 hours and 10 minutes recently, including stoppages.

— Louis E. Glover, of Suspension Bridge, N. Y., aged 15 years, has made one hundred and fifty barrels in one week, and is looking for some one to beat it.

— Austin, Texas, has a paper which is printed with 120-line pica type. The charge for advertising is about fifty cents an acre; if displayed, one dollar.

— There are seventeen aldermen, twenty-two assistant aldermen, nine police and six civil justices to be elected in this city on the first Tuesday in December.

— A violin 200 years old is owned by Rev. Charles Beecher, of Georgetown, Mass. Another 199 years old is owned by Haydn Brown, of West Roxbury.

— A deer weighing 200 pounds was captured in the river near Rowland Station last week, by the engineer of passenger train No. 8 of the Erie railroad.

— The New Hampshire Fish Commissioner is making arrangements to stock Lake Winnipisseogee and other waters with shad from Lake Champlain.

— Chicago has been smitten with the "big organ" fever. The first of five new ones has just been completed. The papers say it is "blown by water."

— A Texas lady—Mrs. Eva Lancaster—"keeps a millinery store, edits a newspaper, occasionally plays Eve, and rocks a newly occupied cradle."

— The philanthropic millionaire citizen, George Peabody, expired at his residence in London, Eng., at half-past 11 on the night of the 4th inst.

— Keno establishments are a fertile source of revenue in Memphis, where the authorities overhaul and fine them regularly once a week.

— Erastus Randall, of Bayonne, N. J., has raised an apple sixteen and a quarter inches in circumference, and weighing twenty-six ounces.

— A fellow at Worcester, Mass., was lately fined $20 for beating a goat with a brick because the animal would not stand quietly to be milked.

— The Cincinnati Board of Education passed a resolution on the 1st of Nov. prohibiting the reading of the Bible in the public schools.

— A newspaper is about to be established at Washington, D. C., on which "the best colored talent of the country" is to be employed.

— Not long since at Chenoa, Ill., seventeen law suits were commenced, involving the total amount of two dollars and fifteen cents.

— It has been stated that California ships bales of chapparel leaves to China where they are boxed up and sent back to us as tea.

— The Pacific and Atlantic Telegraph Co. have decided to open an office for the transaction of business at 23 Wall street, this city.

— The site of the first English settlement in Virginia—Jamestown Island, was recently sold to a northern pur, chaser for $11,000.

— A young Jewess in San Francisco recently ran away from her parents to embrace—not a lover—but the Roman Catholic religion.

— Lopez has gained for himself the title of "The Cat of Paraguay," it being pretty clearly proven that he has a plurality of lives.

— One manufactory in this city employs 200 men in making metal cornices, which are rapidly taking the place of wooden ones.

— In the endeavor of the allied forces to conquer Paraguay they have expended four years' time, $334,448,000 and 189,840 lives.

— A stone-cutter advertises in one of our exchanges for customers for two hundred and fifty grave stones which he has on hand.

— A soldier of the war of 1812, named Wm. Monty, over eighty-two years old, died at Louisville, Ky., on the 2d of November.

— $140,000 has been appropriated to defray the expenses of the Emperor of Austria to the inauguration of the Suez Canal.

— A girl of Detroit, was lately fined $25 for screaming "murder," when her lover squeezed her. The "feller" paid the fine.

— The Elevated Railroad Company of this city expect to finish their line as far as Thirtieth street by the end of next month.

— The mines at White Pine produce about $86,000 a week. It is expected that in 1870 they will yield $10,000,000.

— A tree in front of 1,141 Broadway, which has stood there two hundred years, was cut down on the 2d of November.

— Gen. Bryan Grimes, of Washington, N. C., makes $87,000 out of five hundred and forty acres, by cultivating peanuts.

— A correspondent, writing from Wilmington, N. C., says "one half the dogs in this section are afflicted with mange."

— In Marion, Ohio, the temperance ticket received one vote. Suppose the candidate represents the "whole party?"

— A young woman in Washington, whose father kept a peanut stand, has inherited from him the business and $60,000.

— At the last drawing of the city of Paris bonds, M. Wahl-See, banker, of Mulhausen, won the 200,000 francs prize.

— Sixteen members of the Metropolitan Police Force were dismissed at one meeting of the commissioners last week.

— £20,000,000 is the amount of capital required to construct the Canada Pacific railroad. It will be 2,500 miles long.

— A Society is being formed in London for "The Protection of the Subject Against the Violence of the Police."

— Five dollars is the amount charged for a divorce by a colored justice of the peace in Jefferson county, Florida.

— 2,500,000 passengers were carried over the East Indian railroad during the first six months of this year.

— Bartletts are so plentiful in California that a German farmer in Mokelumne county feeds his cows on them.

— The premium for pistol shooting at the Danville, Va., Fair was awarded to a young lady named Ella Yates.

— The first meeting of the Empire City Skating Club was held at Plimpton Hall, on the 5th of November.

— The Marquis of Westminster, England, Sir Richard Grosvenor, died on the 31st of Oct., aged 74 years.

— Business is brisk in the St. Louis divorce courts; they have as many as eleven suits in one day.

— One of the New Orleans letter carriers brags of walking over 100,000 miles in eight years' service.

— A Brooklyn bride was the recipient of $150,000 worth of silver presents a few days ago.

— The first centenary meeting of Universalism in America was held last week in this city.

— A number of iceboats have been constructed in Patterson for sailing over Dundee Lake.

— It is estimated that the U. S. has one mile of telegraph for every three inhabitants.

— A Nevada editor says he can look from his bed-room window into a nest of rattlesnakes.

— At a late fair 36,000 persons "went to scale." The average weight was 133 pounds.

— A goose is said to have attained the venerable age of fifty years in Rock county, Wis.

— Ten thousand orange trees were recently destroyed by fire in Santa Barbara Co., Cal.

— The rails of the Denver Pacific railroad are being laid at the rate of a mile a day.

— Fort Leavenworth whiskey is sharper than lightning, because it's a "sutler" fluid.

— The Newark, N. J., reservoir was filled on the 3d inst. It contains 14,000,000 gallons.

— 110,000 pilgrims assembled at the foot of Mount Ararat at the late Mecca pilgrimage.

— A farmer in Seymour, Ct., picked strawberries from his vines on the 19th of Oct.

— Fenian Head Centre Stephens is teaching English at ten cents an hour in Paris.

— The New Odd Fellows Hall at Providence, R. I., was dedicated on the 3d of Nov.

— A Society for the Suppression of Useless Knowledge is proposed in England.

— Vermont speculators are buying potatoes at from 25 to 40 cents a bushel.

— In 1850 Iowa had a population of 192,000. It now has about 1,000,000.

— The October receipts of the Union Pacific railroad were over $300,000.

— Velocipedes are quoted at $2 each in Indiana, and are dull at that.

— The Pope's army consists of 15,000 men of all nationalities.

— Massachusetts has elected one colored man to the legislature.

— 25,000 persons visited the Virginia State Fair on the 3d of Nov.

— A robin is supposed to kill about eight hundred flies an hour.

— At Ossipee, N. H., is a man who claims to be 160 years old.

— Florida has a colored justice who grants divorces at $5 each.

— They are about building a $500,000 hotel in Chicago.

— The U. S. Treasury has over $117,000,000 in gold.

— Chicago has a lawyer of the female persuasion.

— The Jews residing in Utah are "Gentiles."

THE TURF.

AMERICAN TURF.

Extraordinary Performance of Mr. Bonner's Young Trotter, Joe Elliott.

The turf circles of this city were considerably excited last week by the announcement of a marvelous performance of Mr. Bonner's young trotting horse Joe Elliott, a recent acquisition to the stable of fast cracks owned by the proprietor of the *New York Ledger*. On Thursday afternoon, the 4th inst., Mr. Bonner drove this young horse (he is now five years old), in a road wagon, over to the Fashion Course, L. I., from his stable in the city, a distance of seven miles, driver and wagon weighing 312lbs., and, after jogging around the track twice to warm him up, he speeded him half a mile in 1:11½, trotting the first quarter in 37sec., and the second in 34½sec., being at the rate of 2:18 to the mile, with 212lbs. weight behind him. Naturally enough, this performance (which was done publicly between the second and third heats of the race between Dresden, Western New York, W. H. Taylor and others, then in progress), created no little sensation among the professional horsemen and owners of fast trotters there present, which was still further increased by the horse's subsequent feat. After the crowd had dispersed, Mr. Bonner resolved to speed the horse in harness, and he was rigged to a sulky, with John Murphy to drive him. Three experienced gentlemen, Messrs. Humphreys, Wm. Simmons, and another, were appointed to time him, and Murphy drove him a mile in 2:23½. It was very apparent that he had not done his best and John Murphy said he could go much faster. He was then sent around again, and, although the track was not good near the pole, compelling the horse to go wide, he trotted the first half mile in 1:10¾, and the second half mile in 1:09¾ (!) making the mile in 2:19½!!! He never broke, but, trotting with surprising steadiness and power of stroke, finished with extraordinary resolution and gameness, trotting the last half mile faster than the first. When near the finish Murphy touched him with the whip, and he shot out with such a brilliant rush of speed as to electrify the spectators, his stride being measured twenty-two feet. This promising young horse was formerly known as the Bogart colt and was bred by Mr. Begart, of Nyack, New York. His sire was Major Winfield, son of Hyndick's Humbletonian and the sire of Commodore Vanderbilt's famous horse Mountain Boy. His dam was a Kentucky bred mare, once owned by Mr. Tweddle, a brewer of this city, who, after driving her for some years, made a present of her to Mr. Bogart. As the Bogart colt he trotted once in public, as a four year old, last summer, in a match over the Secaucus Course, N. J., when he trotted a heat in 2:33, and subsequently in private showed 2:30¼. At this time he "stood over" on his knees, and this defect prevented his sale for a long time, but last May Mr. Bonner determined to have him, believing he could remedy this defect, and accordingly gave Mr. Bogart the price asked, $10,000, for him. His scientific treatment of the horse's feet has been perfectly successful, and the result of Carl Burr's training during the summer is evidenced in the above narrated wonderful achievement. He is a magnificent, powerful looking horse, 15¼ hands high, and there is every reason to anticipate that he will in time equal, if not surpass, Dexter's unparalleled time of 2:17¼. He is named after the well-known turf reporter of the New York *Herald*.

Trotting on Long Island.

On Friday, the 6th inst., three unusually interesting trotting races came off on the Fashion Course, one of which

—about 15¾ miles—in 2 hours and 30 minutes, heel and toe. It is to take place on the 15th inst.

TEN MILE RACE.—A race, distance ten miles, for £50, took place at the Prince of Wales' Grounds, Bow, London, Eng., on the 24th ult., between Jack Brighton, of Norwich, and G. Hazael, of Deptford, the former being allowed two minutes. Brighton, finding that his chance was hopeless, retired at the entrance gate in the 21st lap. The following table gives the time for each mile:—

HAZAEL.		BRIGHTON.	
1 mile	4min 43sec	1 mile	5min 13sec
2 "	9 " 30 "	2 "	10 " 42 "
3 "	15 " 15 "	3 "	15 " 23 "
4 "	20 " 35 "	4 "	21 " 24 "
5 "	25 " 38 "	Brighton stopped.	

JAMES MILES is announced to commence another walk of 105 consecutive hours at Robotham's Concert Hall, Newark, N. J., on the 9th inst.

THE RING.

THE McCOOLE AND ALLEN MATCH.

WILL THE FIGHT TAKE PLACE?

The fistic public have been kept in hot water during the past week by the reports put in circulation relative to the match for the heavy weight championship and $5,000, between Tom Allen and Mike McCoole, arranged for decision within fifty miles of Cincinnati on the 10th inst. The reports in question were of a character calculated to strengthen the belief, already generally entertained, that the affair would come to an end without a meeting in the squared circle, and originated in the difficulty experienced in agreeing upon a final stakeholder. The final deposit was duly staked in St. Louis on the evening of the 1st, and, on the day following, McCoole and Jack Looney left that city for Cincinnati. Upon their arrival at Porkopolis, they communicated to Allen and his backers the intelligence that they had selected Mr. Murray, of the Mound City, for final stakeholder, but the Allen party positively refused to agree to any such arrangement, avowing their belief that it was the intention of their opponents to carefully provide against loss in case Allen should again obtain a victory over their man. The lessons of the past have not been lost upon Tom or his adherents, and they were determined that some man should be chosen who would do the right thing by Allen in case he won. Jack Looney denied this *in toto*, declaring that all they wanted was that some responsible citizen of St. Louis be chosen and that he didn't care whether he was a supporter of Mike or not. He referred to the action brought by Allen's friends, after his former fight with McCoole, to recover the stake money, and said their desire was to avoid any litigation in the present instance. The backers of the Englishman, however, were of the belief that the other side wanted the money held by a man who would at once deliver it to their man if he won, and who could be sued in case the decision was adverse to them. They proposed that the stakeholder be a responsible newspaper man of St. Louis or Cincinnati, and that the stakes will not be liable to recovery by law. Looney refused, when Bob Barker, one of Tom's backers, suggested that the temporary stakeholder should hand the $5,000 to the referee, in the ring, who should deliver it to the winning party immediately after giving his decision. To this also they refused to consent, as was but reasonable to expect they would. On the night of the 5th inst, Mr. Thorwegan, one of Allen's backers, arrived from St. Louis, and it was understood that if he would transfer his interest in the stakes, $1,100, he would be accepted by both parties as final stakeholder. It was expected that he would do this, and at last advices indications pointed to a satisfactory adjustment of the difficulty, which we trust has been arrived at. Should the affair fall through it will seriously affect whatever reputation McCoole has gained in the past, and add greatly to the odium which his former battle with Allen cast upon him, as the latter has expressed himself exceedingly anxious to mill, if only for a purse or the excursion money; he is willing to have the stakes withdrawn rather than that the matter of their custody should cause a breaking off of the match. It is but justice to McCoole to say that, personally, he is apparently as desirous of a settlement in the ring as Tom, and he may not be in the least to blame in case the match is declared off, but the public will not look upon it in that light.

On the 30th ult. a handkerchief of green silk, with the American eagle and Irish harp conspicuously displayed in the centre, were presented by Frank Curry to McCoole at the latter's saloon. Alex. McKee made the presentation speech, and Tom Kelly replied on behalf of Mike, who was absent, of course. The occasion was one of great hilarity, and if the fight comes off McCoole will sport this ensign. Kelly arrived in Cincinnati on the 2d inst., to make arrangements for McCoole's accommodation, and the following day Mike himself reached Porkopolis, accompanied by Jack Looney. On information of the latter Mike was arrested soon after his arrival, and brought before Judge Straub, of the Police Court, where he was placed under $5,000 to keep the peace for one year. He promptly gave the requisite bail, his bondsmen being Charles Gallagher and William McCune. After dining at the Gibson House, Mike and Jack Looney drove out to his training quarters, "Shady Grove," a well known resort, some four miles north of the city. It will be remembered as Aaron Jones' quarters while preparing for his mill with McCoole. The latter looks much thinner and harder than at any time of late years, and has evidently been earnestly at work. He says he will fight this time at about 205 lbs., which will be thirteen less than that given in his last contest with Allen. Tom is still quietly at work and everything seems well with him. He had a very good exhibition at Mozart Hall on the 29th ult., wrestling up with Tom Brown, who will be remembered as the individual who gave Joe Conurn such a rough bout at the National theatre, in May, 1868. Brown is a well made fellow and a fine boxer, and showed off well. The next day (Sunday) Allen had a difficulty with Sherman Thurston, both parties displaying considerable temper. The quarrel would have ended in blows, but for the timely interference of friends. They have since healed their breach, however, and are now fast friends as ever. Allen was put under $2,000 bonds to keep the peace, by Esquire Sedam, on the 4th inst.

Our St. Louis correspondent, "Observer," speaks as follows of the affair, dating his letter Nov. 6th:—"If the fight should come off, it ought to be a good one and a long one, for it has taken the champion (?) and his man Friday 132 days to get ready for it, and the interested people in this city will feel greatly chagrined if it does not come off. The articles of agreement state that a final stakeholder shall be appointed other than Mr. Murray, but up to this hour, from all I can learn, this important person has not been chosen. Billy Carroll is perfectly willing to deposit the stakes in the hands of any responsible editor in this city, Cincinnati or New York, who shall be instructed to hand the money over immediately after the fight to the winning man. Carroll's objections to Murray's being final stakeholder are indeed very cogent. He wants, if possible, to present a repetition of frauds. But few except those immediately interested will attend the fight from this city. The forfeit in the fight between Coyne and Reardon remains in Mr. Murray's hands. That gentleman refuses to give it up, but for what good reason it is hard to understand, unless to save the backers of Reardon, who looks like anything but in fighting condition."

A SUBSCRIPTION FOR BILL RYALL'S WIDOW.—Frank Burns, of the House of Commons, 25 West Houston street, some days ago received a letter from the widow of poor Bill Ryall, making inquiries about a chest of carpenter's tools which he had brought with him to this country and left at said establishment when he went west; also enclosing several blank forms of subscription gotten up for the purpose of affording those who knew her husband, and sympathize with her in this hour of sore distress, an opportunity of rendering needed assistance. Mr. Burns very kindly had the chest, which is a very valuable one, expressed to Liverpool, paying all the charges out of his own pocket, as he also intends doing these incurred in the transit from thence to Mrs. Ryall's home. He has a copy of the subscription list alluded to hung up in a conspicuous place in his saloon, and the many who appreciated "Gentleman Bill," and are willing to contribute their mite for the benefit of the widow and fatherless are here offered a chance which they ought not to let pass.

NED O'BALDWIN'S BENEFIT.—A benefit was given O'Baldwin at the Olympic Theatre, Boston, on the night of the 6th inst., over one thousand persons being present. There were six sets-to, in addition to jig dancing and the negro burlesque of "Knock Him Down," by J. H. Carrol and Jimmy Kelly. The following boxers appeared on the evening:—Jim McKay, "Mike Madden," Denny Sheehan, Paddy White, Young Chandler, Young Jones, Johnny McCann, Dan Fogerty, and Charley Lowery, of Portland, Me. The sets-to all very good. The wind-up placed two antagonists "fornist" the giant, viz.:—Jim Coffey and James Slade, formerly of Norwich, Eng. Each had three rounds with Ned. Slade did finely until the last round, when the giant feinted with the left, causing Slade to advance, when Ned crossed with his right and knocked Slade out of time.

DEATH OF PADDY GILL.—William (better known as Paddy) Gill, one of the old school of British boxers, died at the Hatton Insane Asylum, Coventry, Eng., on October 19th, in the 50th year of his age. He appeared in the ring twelve times, defeating Foster, Hubbard (two rings, Nov. 8th and 22d, 1842, respectively), Pritchard, Bethell, Holden, Young Reed, Norley, Davids, Maley and Griffiths (fatal to Griffiths), and being beaten by Norley and McNulty. He also forfeited £100 to J. Welsh. His last battle was with McNulty, and he afterwards became bonfiface of the Leopard Inn, Coventry. He had been an inmate of the Asylum for three months prior to his death. His height was 5ft. 5¾in., and his lowest fighting weight 117lbs.

RETIREMENT OF "SOAP."—Tom McAlpine, *alias* "Soap," with whose performances in the roped arena our readers are familiar, desires us to state that he has concluded to retire from the ring and challenges will therefore be useless. He has gone into business of another kind in this city.

JOHNNY HAMILL, together with his brother, "Steam Engine Jimmy," Billy White and other prominent sporting men of Pittsburgh, are working hard to get up a substantial benefit for Ned James there during the current week, and we trust they'll succeed, as appearances indicate they will.

DEATH OF AN OLD BOXER.—The late John Lynch, of Hammersmith, Eng., died at his residence, Notting Hill, on the 23d ult., in his 29th year, after lingering for twenty months with consumption. The deceased figured in the ring on two occasions.

WM. REILLY'S TRIAL for conspiring with M. G. Cannon to commit a public offence, was going on at the Police Court, San Francisco, at last advices.

THE TRIGGER.

A SHOOTING MATCH came off at Flint, Mich., on the 1st inst., between Harry Hull and James Stewart, for $10 a side and the birds, Hull to shoot five pair from two separate traps, both to be sprung at the same time, one before and one behind him, to Stewart's ten single birds. Hull is shooting at his first pair killed his first bird, and in turning to shoot at his second loosened his ramrod. He waited long enough to pull it clear of his gun, fired and killed his bird in handsome style, at a distance of 50 yards. The following is the score: Hull—11, 10, 11, 11, 11—9; Stewart—1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 0, 1, 1, 0, 1—8.

HULL AND GIBSON, of Flint, Mich., and Bradford and North, of Pontiac, have been matched to shoot at fifteen single birds each, for $50 a side.

"BALL UP."—The Favorita Skating Club will give its first invitation ball on the 16th inst. at Masonic Hall, Brooklyn, E. D. An invitation has been extended to the New York Skating Club, who will be admitted by exhibiting their badges at the door.

"MY son," said a man of doubtful morals, putting his hand on the head of a young urchin, "I believe Satan has got hold of you." "I believe so, too," the urchin replied.

A leading member of Congress is framing a bill which will place the savings banks under the supervision of the General Government.

BASE BALL.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

ATLANTIC vs. ECKFORD.

THE LAST GRAND MATCH OF THE SEASON.

The Atlantics Successful. Score, 16 to 12.

The final game of this match, which involved the nominal possession of the championship, took place at the Union ground, Williamsburgh, L. I., on the 8th. The day was the coldest of the season, with a blustering, cutting wind from the southwest, which chilled players and spectators alike. Nevertheless, the game was quickly and well played. The errors were not greater in number than usually occur in first class matches, while in some instances the fielding was brilliant. The spectators were limited to 1,200 or 1,500, who speculated on the chances of the game as it progressed. In betting the Atlantics had the call at the odds of 100 to 70. At 2.30 o'clock, an umpire having been chosen in the person of Mr. C. Mills, of the Mutuals, play began with the Atlantics at the bat. The detailed account of the play as it progressed, which is given below, precludes the necessity of any further comment, even if our time and space warranted it.

FIRST INNINGS.—Pearce hit a liner over second base; Smith struck a high foul, which Jewett got; a passed ball gave Pearce his second; Start drove a grounder to first base, which Allison picked up, and in the race for the base, Start was beaten; Pearce came home on a passed ball; Chapman sent a daisy cutter to Hodes, which the latter muffed; Ferguson's ball bounded over Nelson's hand, and slid past Treacy, Chapman coming home, and the batter shortly afterward on a passed ball; Hunt was less fortunate, as he drove the ball into Hodes' hands, and retired.....Allison popped the ball up over the infield, which Smith squared himself for, amid the cries to the batter of "go on," "he won't hold it"—and he didn't—the ball dropping out of his hands; Patterson hit a foul to left field, which Chapman nipped on the bound, after a long run, the half-frozen crowd cheering; Martin gave Pike a chance to throw him out, and retired, Allison coming home; Nelson favored Pearce, and went out at first. Score, 3 to 1.

SECOND INNINGS.—Zettlein fouled to Jewett; Pike suffered at the hands of Wood and Allison; McDonald popped the ball up behind him, and Jewett made a difficult catch—no runs.....Hodes was no sooner up than he was out, Pike throwing to Start; Jewett did better, carrying the ball out to Treacy, who, while suffering from a sore finger, managed to make a safe stroke near third base, which gave him his second, and sent Jewett to third; Wood hit a hot one to Pearce, who muffed it, ti, letting Jewett in; Pinkman drove a grounder through Pearce's legs; Treacey home; Allison hit to Pike, and failed of reaching his first; Patterson left two on bases by fouling out to Smith. Score, 3 to 3.

THIRD INNINGS.—Pearce sent a hot grounder between short and third, and afterward went to third on a passed ball, and came home on another—the cold being so great that Jewett was unable to stop the ball; Smith flew out to Nelson; Start fouled to Jewett; Chapman carried the ball over Treacy's head, taking second; Ferguson struck the ball just as Chapman was trying to steal in, and as it went out to Martin, it was caught.....Martin, after vainly endeavoring to finally drive a grounder to Pike and went out; Nelson hit to Smith, and was safe on first—only to be doubled up, as Hodes hit to Pearce, and the ball was passed to second and first in style. Score, 4 to 3, with Atlantics ahead.

FOURTH INNINGS.—Hunt hit safely over Wood's head, but was caught between the bases and run out by Allison and Wood; Zettlein struck out; Pike was muffed by Hodes; McDonald sent a liner to ball on Allison's head, Pike coming home; Pearce made a long stroke to left field, and Treacey caught him out—McDonald being left..... Jewett was used up by Pike and Start, and took a seat by the stove; Treacey was served the same way by the same parties; Wood drove the ball to Pearce, but Dick let it go by him; Pinkham closed the innings by hitting a bounder to Pearce, which the latter stopped and threw to Start—another blinder. Score, 5 to 3, with the Atlantics still ahead.

FIFTH INNINGS.—The wind still continued to blow, but an occasional peeping out of the sun brightened matters up somewhat. Smith led off, but was caught on a foul fly by Nelson. Start hit a long ball to left field, and was given second on a balk; Chapman flew out to Wood; Ferguson hit to Hodes, who threw wild to Allison, and the striker came home amid wild excitement; Hunt carried the ball over Wood's head, and came in on wild throwing and passed balls; Zettlein made a slashing hit to the left field; "The Charmer" stole round to third, where he was left by Pike, who struck out..... Allison made a safe stroke to right field; Patterson carried the ball over Chapman's head; Martin hit over third base, and Allison and Patterson home; Nelson sent a liner over Pearce's head; Hodes made a long hit to left field, which Chapman caught; Jewett flew out on a foul to Start; Treacy hit to Smith, who didn't get hold of it soon enough; Wood hit safely through the infield, Martin scoring; Pinkham smashed the ball to the right field, and Nelson, Tracy and Wood came in—the crowd cheering—six runs and the Eckfords one ahead. Pinkham stole to third, and in stealing in was touched out by Zettlein. Score 9 to 8, with Eckfords ahead.

SIXTH INNINGS.—Cold still intense, and the wind blowing heavily; everybody nearly froze, but the players managing to keep warm enough to field fairly. McDonald led off with a grounder to right field, and took second on passed ball; Pearce hit Allison, who threw to Pinkham, who had reversed the base, and took retired; Smith carried the ball to centre field, and went to second on a wild throw of Jewett's to first; Start sent him home on a splendid grounder to left field; Chapman hit a fine grounder to left field, and went to third on a throw of Treacy's to cut off Start; Ferguson flew out on a foul to Nelson; Chapman stole in—just in time, as Hunt fouled to Jewett—four runs.....Allison hit the ball into Start's hands and retired; Patterson did better, carrying the ball out to short centre field; Martin, after taking his usual time, made a safe two-base hit by third base, Patterson scoring; Nelson was muffed by Smith; Hodes, waiting for Nelson to leave first base, had three strikes called on him; Jewett carried the ball over Start's head; Treacy struck out—two on bases. Score, 12 to 11, with the Atlantics ahead.

SEVENTH INNINGS.—Hodes to catch, Jewett to short. Zettlein made a safe stroke to left field, and went to third on passed balls; Pike popped the ball up over the in-field, and Wood and Jewett both went for it, the former catching it; McDonald hit safely to centre field; Pearce flew out to Nelson; Smith drove the ball to Nelson, and McDonald starting at the same time for third base, was caught between the bases, and run out by Wood.....Wood hit to Smith, who muffed it, but picked it up in time, and Wood retired; Pinkham poked the ball into Start's hands, and also retired; Allison gave Pearce a chance, and the innings closed with a blank. Score 13 to 11.

EIGHTH INNINGS.—Pearce hit weakly to Wood, who threw to Allison, and Dick took a back seat; Smith made a splendid stroke through the in-field, and Start followed suit; Chapman hit short of right-center field, which Martin couldn't reach; Ferguson carried the ball to left-field; Hunt hit to Wood, who touched Ferguson on his way to second, and throwing to Allison, doubled them both up; Chapman left—two runs.....Patterson fouled to Ferguson; Martin hit a hot one to Pearce, and before he could handle it the striker was safe; Nelson made a fair-foul stroke near third base; Patterson hit to centre field, which Hunt could not catch, but picked up in time to throw to Smith and put out Wood, who ran for third; Jewett left two on bases by fouling out to Start—another blank for the Eckfords, and the score 15 to 11 against them.

NINTH INNINGS.—Zettlein fouled to Jewett, who had resumed his place behind the bat; Pike did the same thing; McDonald was muffed by Nelson, who also threw wild to Allison, and Mac went to third, and finally stole home amid the yells of the crowd; Pearce finished the trouble by hitting to centre field, and Patterson made the catch.....Five to tie and six to win—a big job, but the Eckfords went resolutely to work, Treacy leading off and sending the ball to Pike, who overthrew to Start, and the latter took second; Wood poked the ball into Start's hands, and sat down; Pinkham had a life given him by Pike, who again threw wild in trying to steal in, however, Pinkham was caught at home plate by Pearce's throw to Ferguson; Allison to first base by a stroke to right field, but was left, as Patterson ended the game by flying out to Pike. The score in detail is given below:—

ATLANTIC.	H.	L.	R.	In.	T.	ECKFORD.	H.	L.	R.	In.	T.
Pearce, s. s	5	2	2	2	2	Allison, 1st b	3	2	2	2	2
Smith, 3d b	3	2	2	2	2	Patterson, c. f	4	2	2	2	2
Start, 1st b	2	2	2	2	2	Martin, r. f	3	2	2	2	2
Chapman, l. f	1	2	2	2	1	Nelson, 3d b	4	1	1	1	3
Ferguson, c. s	3	2	1	1	2	Hodes, s. s	0	0	0	0	0
Hunt, c. f	4	1	1	2	2	Jewett, c	3	1	2	2	2
Zettlein, p	3	1	2	2	2	Treacy, l. f	3	2	2	2	2
Pike, 2d b	4	1	1	2	2	Wood, 2d b	3	1	1	2	2
McDonald, r. f	2	2	3	3	1	Pinkham, p	4	0	1	2	2
Totals	27	16	15	17		Totals	27	12	15	16	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	3	2	1	3	4	2	0	0	1—16
Eckford	1	2	0	0	6	2	0	0	1—12

Umpire—Mr. C. Mills, of the Mutual Club. Scorers—Messrs. Delany and Simonson. Time of game—2 hours and 25 minutes. Fly catches—Smith, 1; Ferguson, 2; Start, 1; Chapman, 1; Pike, 1—total 6. Nelson, 3; Jewett, 1; Wood, 2; Martin, 1; Patterson, 1; Treacy, 1—total 11. Foul bound catches—Start, 1; Chapman, 1; Jewett, 4. Base play—put out by Start, 14; Ferguson, 1; Zettlein, 1. Assisted by Pearce, 5; Smith, 1; Hunt, 1; Pike, 6; Start, 2. Put out by Allison, 6; Pinkham, 1. Assisted by Nelson, 1; Hodes, 1; Wood, 3; Allison, 1. Catches on strikes—Ferguson, 2; Jewett, 2. Out on fouls—Atlantic, 9; Eckford, 4. Run out—Hunt by Allison and Wood, McDonald by Nelson and Wood. Double play—Nelson and Hodes by Pearce, Pike and Start; Ferguson and Hunt by Wood and Allison.

"RED STOCKINGS" vs. MUTUAL.

The game between these clubs came off at Cincinnati on Saturday, the 6th. Jno. L. Boake, of the Buckeyes, was chosen umpire. Cincinnatis won the toss, sent the "Green Stockings" to the bat at 1.20.

FIRST INNINGS.—Johnny Hatfield stepped up to the home plate, bat in hand. He hit a fine one, which was dropped by Leonard. Weather very cold, and hands stiff. Hatfield attempted to steal second, but was decided out by the umpire. E. Mills was nicely fled by Sweasy. Flanly hit safe for first. C. Mills was caught by Waterman's nice stop and throw to Gould. A blank score..... G. Wright hit to right field, making second on Gedney's slow handling. Gould made a home run on a splendid crack clear over Swandel. Waterman was caught by Hatfield to E. Mills—a good stop and throw. Allison was nicely fled by Hatfield, back of short. Hatfield also disposed of H. Wright at first—two runs.

SECOND INNINGS.—Swandel flew out to G. Wright. Eggler got first on Waterman's muff of his grounder; Gedney's fly was beautifully taken by Leonard. Eggler stole second, the ball was overthrown, and he got home. Carlton to second on passed ball; Wolters hit to right, and sent him in, himself to first. Hatfield popped up one in centre field, which was magnificently taken on the run by H. Wright.....Leonard fielded out at first by Flanly. Brainard to first on a safe daisy cutter past second. Sweasey sent up one—muffed by Flanly, who, however, stole 2nd; ball thrown too high, and Sweasy to 3d; McVey sent him home by a bounder muffed by Flanly. G. Wright made a home run on a big 'un over Gedney. Gould caught at 1st by Hatfield's throw—three runs. Score, 5 to 2 in favor of the western club.

THIRD INNINGS.—E. Mills to first on a safe grounder by short. Flanly advanced him one by one. C. Mills, fled by Leonard. Swandel sent E. Mills home on a short fly to left. Eggler flew out to Gould. Gedney hit to Waterman, who touched his base, retiring Flanly. One run..... Waterman tipped out. Allison ditto. A. Wright hit to right safe for his base. Leonard hit a hot bounder to Ed. Mills, who settled Andrew F. No runs. Score 5 to 3.

FOURTH INNINGS.—C. Mills hit a big 'un to H. Wright, who dobbled it in. Swandel two bags on a right fielder. Eggler made 1st on a hit to Waterman, with Swandel still on 2d. Gedney hit to Waterman, who cut off Swandel, but overthrew to 2d, and Eggler scored. Carleton lifted a fly, which G. Wright took. One run.....Brainard fouled out to C. Mills. Sweasy earned 1st on a grounder by short. McVey was fled by Wolters; Geo. Wright sent Sweasy in, and made 3d on a muffin exhibition in the field. Gould to 1st, and G. Wright in on a non-pick-up by Hatfield, Leonard's foul fly hauled by Hatfield. Two runs. Score, 7 to 4.

FIFTH INNINGS.—Wolters scratched second on Gould's bad muff of G. Wright's easy throw. Hatfield was caught by Sweasy's throw to Gould. E. Mills hit to Gould, who stopped him, with Wolters home. Flanly hit well to center for one bag. C. Mills made a home run on a hit over McVey at right. Swandel fouled out. Three runs, when there should have been a whitewash.....Allison one bag on a good hit to left. H. Wright flew out to Eggler. Leonard sent Allison home and took two bags, in a big hit to right centre. Brainard hit well for one base, sending Leonard to third. Sweasy advanced them both on Carleton's muff of his grounder. McVey hit to Carleton, who passed it to Flanly, cutting off Sweasy, and the buckskin then went to first in time to double up Mack. Two runs. Score, 9 to 7.

SIXTH INNINGS.—Eggler fouled out. Gedney was thrown out at first by Waterman. Carleton, after having had two strikes called, went to first on called balls. Sweasy's throw ended Wolters' career at first. No runs.....G. Wright made first on a hit near third and stole second. Gould flew out to Hatfield. G. Wright home and Waterman to third on a nice grounder to centre. Allison two bags on a good crack to centre. H. Wright flew out to Carleton. Leonard was fled by E. Mills. Allison left. Two runs. Score, 11 to 7.

SEVENTH INNINGS.—Hatfield two bags on a fair foul to Leonard. C. Mills flew out to McVey. Hatfield to third. Flanly sent Hatfield home—his first run—and took first on hit to centre field. Flanly was caught a second, when C. Mills hit to G. Wright. Swandel made second and C. Mills to third on a hit to short centre, muffed by G. Wright on the back run. Eggler flew out to Leonard. Two left and one run.....Brainard fouled out. Sweasy flew out to Eggler. McVey fouled out. Score, 11 to 8.

EIGHTH INNINGS.—Gedney flew out to H. Wright—a good catch. Carleton out at 1st by G. Wright's throw. Walter's ditto by Sweasy's throw. No run.....G. Wright 2 bags on a hit to Eggler by quick running and slow handling. Gould sent him in on a hit by E. Mills. Waterman made his base on Hatfield's muff, and Gould 2d on Flanly's muff of John's throw. Allison fled by Hatfield. Gould in and Waterman to 3d on a passed ball and had stop by Flanly off C. Mills' throw. H. Wright two bags on a safe hit to right field. H. Wright home and Leonard to 2d on a muffed grounder by Hatfield. Brainard splendidly fled by Eggler. Sweasy fled by Gedney. Four runs. Score, 15 to 8.

NINTH AND LAST.—Hatfield fouled out. E. Mills went out at first by fine fielding on Sweasy's part. Flanly lifted a little foul, beautifully muffed by Waterman. He then fouled out. Nary run.....McVey made first. Geo. Wright made a second home run, on a heavy hit to right—a clean score. Gould, Waterman and Allison made the outs in succession all on fouls.

It was a good game on a bad day. The cold wind nipped fingers and would have excused twice the muffing. Below is the score:—

MUTUAL.	H.	L.	R.	1st	2.	T.	CINCINNATI.	H.	L.	R.	1st	2.	T.
Hatfield, 2d b	4	0	1	2	3	3	G. Wright, s. s	3	0	2	1	2	12
E. Mills, 1st b	4	1	1				Gould, 1st b	3	2	1	4		
Flanley, 2d b	3	1	1	4	4		Waterman, 3d b	4	2	1	3		
C. Mills, c	3	1	1	4			Allison, c	4	1	2	3		
Swandel, f. d	3	0	2	3	1		H. Wright, l. f	3	0	2	3		
Eggler, c. f	3	2	0				Leonard, 1 f	3	1	1	2		
Gedney, r. f	3	0	0				Brainard, p	4	0	2	2		
Carlton, s. s	2	1	0				Sweasy, 2d b	3	2	1	1		
Wolters, p	3	2	1				McVey, r. f	3	2	1	1		
Totals	27	8	9	15			Totals	27	17	14	21		

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mutual	0	2	1	1	3	0	1	0	0—8
Cincinnati	2	3	0	2	3	2	0	4	3—17

Umpire—J. L. Boake, of the Buckeye Club. Time of game—Two hours and thirty minutes.

OLD vs. NEW.

At Philadelphia, on the 1st inst., the old and new nines of the Athletic club played an interesting game. The weather was cold and dreary; nevertheless, considerable interest was manifested to witness the play of some of the old favorites. Up to the eighth innings the contest was pretty even, but the fourteen runs made by the New Nine on the last two innings made the score rather one sided. The details are appended:—

NEW NINE.	H.	L.	R.	In.	T.	OLD NINE.	H.	L.	R.	In.	T.
Cuthbert s. s	1	5	5	1	2	Reach, 2d b	1	4	1	1	
Escandorff, c	3	3	2			McBride, p	1	4	0	1	
Sensenderfer, 1b	4	3	3			Rich'dson, s. s	0	5	0	0	
McMullin, p	2	2	1	1		Berkenstock, 1st b	0	5	0	0	
Foran, 2d b	2	4	4	1	0	Diehl, c	0	5	1	1	2
Radcliff, l. f	1	5	4	1	1	Stering, r. f	0	4	0	0	0
Berry, 2d b	2	3	4	1	7	E. Gaskill, l. f	2	3	1	1	1
Meyerle, c	2	2	4	1	2	C. Gaskill, 3d b	1	5	3	5	
Flanagan, r. f	4	2	1	1		Murray, c. f	2	2	1	1	3
Totals	27	27	28	6	4	Totals	7	37	13	11	21

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
New Nine	5	4	0	2	1	0	1	12	2—27
Old Nine	2	3	0	0	1	0	3	0	4—13

Umpire—John Abel, of "The Board" Base Ball Club.

ATHLETIC vs. KEYSTONE.

The return game of this match came off on the 6th, and terminated in another victory for the Athletics. The Keystones did not have out their full nine, and were easily beaten. The Athletics batted and fielded handsomely, as the subjoined score will show:—

ATHLETIC.	H.	L.	R.	In.	T.	KEYSTONE.	H.	L.	R.	In.	T.
Reach, 2d b	4	1	1	6	6	Dick, 2d b	2	2	2	3	
McBride, p	1	6	4	5		Weaver, l f	2	2	0	0	
Cuthbert, l f	3	4	4	4		Fulmer, p	2	1	1	1	
Fisler, 1st b	2	5	5	3		McKenna, 1st b	2	1	1	1	
Sensenderfer, c. f	0	7	7	7		Cope, c. f	2	1	2	2	
McMullin, s. s	1	6	4	1	2	Bechtel, 2d b	1	2	0	0	
Foran, 3d b	2	5	3	10		Hadley, s. s	1	1	2	4	
Radcliff, c	2	3	2	2		McKenney, c	2	0	0	0	
Berry, r. f	4	2	2	2		Kleinfelder, c. f	3	0	0	0	
Totals	18	44	34	57		Totals	18	13	7	15	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Athletic	4	4	9	1	6	7	4—44		
Keystone	9	0	0	0	1	0—10			

Umpire—Mr. N. Young, of the Olympics, of Washington.

EAGLE vs. EMPIRE.

The home and home game of this match, which came off at the Elysian Fields on the 4th, resulted in a Waterloo defeat for the Empires. Score:—

EAGLE.	H.	L.	R.	EMPIRE.	H.	L.	R.
Norton, 1st b	1	5		Bennett, 3d b	4	0	
Stephens, p	3	4		Higham, 2d b	1	3	
T. Gaughan, s. s	5	3		Griffin, c	3	0	
A. Gaughan, 3d b	3	3		Irvin, r f	3	0	
Bruin, r f	1	3		Wilson, c	1	3	
Fleet, 2d b	2	2		Voge, p	3	1	
Bennett, 1st b	2	2		Ryder, s. s	1	0	
Laughlin, c	1	4		Swanton, 1st b	3	0	
Gallagher c f	2	3		Totals	5		
Total	16						

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	
Eagle	2	7	5	2	8	0	2	—26
Empire	1	0	1	1	0	2	0—5	

Umpire—Mr. McCarthy, of the Mutual Club.

UNION vs. SOCIAL.

The Unions, of Morrisania, defeated the Socials, at Hoboken, on the 5th. Score:—

SOCIAL.	H.	L.	R.	UNION.	H.	L.	R.
Clute, 1st b	1	4		Reynolds, 2d b	0	5	
Bell, p	1	2		Lyons, p	1	4	
Ryerson, 3d b	3	1		Austin, c	2	3	
Foster, 2d b	2	2		Baker, 1st b	3	1	
Rose, l f	1	3		Brewster, c f	2	3	
Fields, c	2	2		Haines, s s	1	4	
Wilson, c	2	0		Welbur, 3d b	1	2	
Burns, s s	2	1		Sanderson, r f	3	2	
Hoffman, r f	3	1		Numan, l f	3	2	
Total	17			Total		26	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	
Social	7	2	4	4	0—17	
Union	4	3	6	8	5—26	

Umpire—Mr. Birdsall.

ATHLETIC vs. CHAMPION.

The Brooklyn Athletics, with only seven men, defeated the Champions, of Jersey City, at the Capiteline Ground, on the 3d inst., with the following score:—

ATHLETIC.	H.	L.	R.	In.	T.	CHAMPION.	H.	L.	R.	In.	T.
Richardson, p	2	6	5	8		Delaney, 1st b	3	5	1	1	1
Price, c	2	5	4	5		McCormick, s s	3	0	0	0	0
Wiggins, l f	2	6	6	11		Willis, p	2	1	1	1	1
Edwards, 1st b	3	3	3	4		Halpin, c	3	0	0	0	0
McCrea, 2d b	4	2	2	2		McMahon, 2d b	1	2	1	2	2
Ash, r f	4	2	1	1		Breslin, c f	3	1	1	1	1
Noonan, 3d b	2	5	5	14		Platt, l f	1	1	0	0	0
						Wood, 3d b	2	1	0	0	0
Totals	18	25	16	45		Totals	18

IS MY TRUE-LOVE TRUE?

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"O, little bird, a-singing
So loud on yonder tree,
Answer my question, will you?
Is my true-love true to me?"

The little bird stopped her singing,
And, perking her dainty mouth,
Said, "I cannot tell, only yesterday
I flew from the sunny south."

"O, glossy squirrel a-jumping,
As merry as you can be—
Answer my question, will you?
Is my true-love true to me?"

"I've only been out from this hollow tree
A couple of days or so,
And whether she is or whether she ain't,"
Said he, "I do not know."

"O, great white owl a-blinking
Your eyes so sleepily,
Answer my question, will you?
Is my true-love true to me?"

Then he opened those wild and wicked eyes
And screwed up his ugly phiz,
As he said, in a hoarse and husky voice,
"No, *I don't believe she is*!"

The cold sweat started on my brow,
And sighing through my teeth,
My limbs they trembled and I grew
Exceedingly weak in the knees.

"When," said he, "you will remember
The moon last week was bright;
On the gable of her father's house
I sat last Thursday night;

"And as there I sat a-resting me,
And looking at moon and star,
Underneath your true-love's window
I heard a light guitar.

"And a manly voice a-singing
I heard from my perch above,
In accents sweet imploring her
To accept its owner's love.

"'O, smile,' sang he, 'my darling,
So I may know that you
To my fond heart are constant—
To my true heart are true;

"'For the world is cold and dreary,
And this sad heart of mine
Beats only, love, responsive
To thine—yes, only thine.'

"And then she appeared at her lattice
In white—it's my firm belief—
And she threw a kiss at the troubadour
And waved her handkerchief.

"So here you have my reasons,
Pretty good ones, I'm sure—
Why I think, young man, your true-love
Isn't true, as I said before!"

"O, you wicked, blear eyed creature!
You're as blind as a grey ol bat!
Did he have on a long black cloak and
Did he wear a slouch-ed hat?"

"Yes, that is his description,
As near as I could see."
"Well—you ugly, good-for-nothing bird—
That troubadour was *me*!"

J. H. B.

MIGGLES.

[From the Overland Monthly.]

We were eight, including the driver. We had not spoken during the passage of the last six miles, since the jolting of the heavy vehicle over the roughening road had spoiled the judge's last poetical quotation. The tall man beside the judge was asleep, his arm passed through the swaying strap and his head resting upon it—altogether a limp, helpless looking object, as if he had hanged himself and been cut down too late. The French lady on the back seat was asleep, too, yet in a half-conscious propriety of attitude, shown even in the disposition of the handkerchief which she held to her forehead and which partially veiled her face. The lady from Virginia City, traveling with her husband, had long since lost all individuality in a wild confusion of ribbons, veils, furs and shawls. There was no sound but the rattling of wheels and the dash of rain upon the roof. Suddenly the stage stopped and we became dimly aware of voices. The driver was evidently in the midst of an exciting colloquy with some one in the road—a colloquy of which such fragments as "bridge gone," "twenty feet of water," "can't pass," were occasionally distinguishable above the storm. Then came a lull, and the mysterious voice from the road shouted the parting adjuration:—

"Try Miggles!"

We caught a glimpse of our leaders as the vehicle slowly turned, of a horseman vanishing through the rain, and we were evidently on our way to Miggles'.

Who and where was Miggles? Only the judge, our authority, did not remember the name, and he knew the country thoroughly. The Washoe traveler thought Miggles must keep a hotel. We only knew that we were stopped by high water in front and rear, and that Miggles was our rock of refuge. A ten minutes' splashing through a tangled by-road, scarcely wide enough for the stage, and we came up before a barred and boarded gate in a wide stone wall or fence about eight feet high. Evidently Miggles', and evidently Miggles did not keep a hotel.

The driver got down and tried the gate. It was securely locked.

"Miggles! O Miggles!"

No answer.

"Migg-elis! You Miggles!" continued the driver with rising wrath.

"Miggiesy!" joined in the expressman, persuasively. "O Miggy! Mig!"

But no reply came from the apparently insensible Miggles. The judge, who had finally got the window down, put his head out and propounded a series of questions, which if answered categorically would have undoubtedly elucidated the whole mystery, but which the driver evaded by replying that "if we didn't want to sit in the coach all night we had better rise up and sing out for Miggles."

So we rose up and called on Miggles in chorus. Then separately. And when we had finished, a libertinian fellow passenger from the roof called for "Maygellis!" whereat we all laughed. While we were laughing the driver cried "Shoo!"

We listened. To our infinite amazement the chorus of "Miggles" was repeated from the other side of the wall, even to the final and supplemental "Maygells."

"Extraordinary echo," said the judge.

"Extraordinary d——d skunk!" roared the driver contemptuously. "Come out of that, Miggles, and show yourself! Be a man, Miggles! Don't hide in the dark; I wouldn't if I were you, Miggles," continued Yuba Bill, now dancing about in an excess of fury.

"Miggles!" continued the voice, "O Miggles!"

"My good man! Mr. Myghall!" said the judge, softening the asperities of the name as much as possible. "Consider the inhospitality of refusing shelter from the inclemency of the weather to helpless females. Really, my dear sir—" but a succession of "Miggles" ending in a burst of laughter, drowned his voice.

Yuba Bill hesitated no longer. Taking a heavy stone from the road, he battered down the gate, and with the expressman entered the enclosure. We followed. Nobody was to be seen. In the gathering darkness all that we could distinguish was that we were in a garden—from the rose bushes that scattered over us a intimate spray from their dripping leaves—and betore a long, rambling wooden building.

"Do you know this Miggles?" asked the judge of Yuba Bill.

"No, nor don't want to," said Bill, shortly, who felt the Pioneer Stage Company insulted in his person by the contumacious Miggles.

"But, my dear sir," expostulated the judge, as he thought of the barred gate.

"Lookee here," said Yuba Bill, with fine irony, "hadn't you better go back and sit in the coach till yer introduced? I'm going in," and he pushed open the door of the building.

A long room, lighted only by the embers of a fire that was dying on the large hearth at its further extremity. The walls curiously papered and the flickering firelight bringing out its grotesque pattern. Somebody sitting in a large arm chair by the fire place. All this we saw as we crowded together into the room after the driver and expressman.

"Hello, be you Miggles?" said Yuba Bill to the solitary occupant.

The figure neither spoke nor stirred. Yuba Bill walked wrathfully toward it and turned the eye of his coach lantern upon its face. It was a man's face, prematurely old and wrinkled, with very large eyes, in which there was that expression of perfectly gratuitous solemnity which I had sometimes seen in an owl's. The large eyes wandered from Bill's face to the lantern, and finally fixed their gaze on that luminous object, without further recognition.

Bill restrained himself with an effort.

"Miggles! Be you deaf! You aint dumb anyhow, you know," and Yuba Bill shook the insensate figure by the shoulder.

To our great dismay, as Bill removed his hand, the venerable stranger apparently collapsed—sinking into half his size and an undistinguishable heap of clothing.

"Well, dern my skin," said Bill—looking appealingly at us and hopelessly retiring from the contest.

The judge now stepped forward, and we lifted the mysterious inverted vertebrate back into his original position. Bill was dismissed with the lantern to reconnoitre outside, for it was evident that from the helplessness of this solitary man there must be attendants near at hand, and we all drew around the fire. The judge, who had regained his authority and had never lost his conversational amiability—standing before us with his back to the hearth—charged us, as an imaginary jury, as follows:—

"It is evident that either our distinguished friend here has reached that condition, described by Shakespeare as 'the sere and yellow leaf,' or has suffered some premature abatement of his mental and physical faculties. Whether he is really the Miggles—"

Here he was interrupted by "Miggles! O Miggles! Miggles! Mig!" and, in fact, the whole chorus of Miggles in very much the same key as it had once before been delivered unto us.

We gazed at each other for a moment in some alarm. The judge, in particular, vacated his position quickly, as the voice seemed to come directly over his shoulder. The cause, however, was soon discovered in a large magpie who was perched upon a shelf over the fireplace, and who immediately relapsed into a sepulchral silence, which contrasted singularly with his previous volubility. It was undoubtedly his voice which we had heard in the road. Our friend in the arm chair was not responsible for the discourtesy. Yuba Bill, who re-entered the room after an unsuccessful search, was loth to accept the explanation, and still eyed the helpless sitter with suspicion. He had found a shed in which he had put up his horses—but he came back dripping and skeptical. "Thar aint nobody but him within ten mile of the shanty, and that 'ar d—d old skeesicks knows it."

But the faith of the majority proved to be securely based. Bill had scarcely ceased growling before we heard a quick step upon the porch, the trailing of a wet skirt, the door was flung open, and with a flash of white teeth, a sparkle of dark eyes and an utter absence of ceremony or diffidence, a young woman entered, shut the door, and panting, leaned back against it.

"O, if you please, I'm Migg-es!"

And this was Miggles! This bright eyed, full throated young woman, whose wet gown of coarse blue stuff could not hide the beauty of the feminine curves to which it clung; from the chestnut crown of whose head—topped by a man's oil-skin sou'wester—to the little feet and ankles—hidden somewhere in the recesses of her boy's brogans, all was grace—this was Miggles, laughing at us, too, in the most airy, frank, off-hand manner imaginable.

"You see, boys," said she—quite out of breath, and holding one little hand against her side, quite unheeding the speechless discomfiture of our party, or the complete demoralization of Yuba Bill, whose features had relaxed into an expression of gratuitous and imbecile cheerfulness—"You see, boys, I was mor'n two miles away when you passed down the road. I thought you might pull up here, and so I ran the whole way, knowing nobody was home but Jim—and—and—I'm out of breath—and—that sets me out."

And here Miggles caught her dripping oil-skin hat from her head with a mischievous swirl that scattered a shower of raindrops over us, attempted to put back her hair; dropped two hair-pins in the attempt; laughed and sat down beside Yuba Bill with her hands crossed lightly on her lap.

The judge recovered himself first and essayed an extravagant compliment.

"I'll trouble you for that har-pin," said Miggles, gravely. Half a dozen hands were eagerly stretched forward; the missing hair-pin was restored to its fair owner; and Miggles, crossing the room, looked keenly in the face of the invalid. The solemn eyes looked back at hers, with an expression we had never seen before. Life and intelligence seemed to struggle back into the rugged face. Miggles laughed again—it was a singularly eloquent laugh—and turned her black eyes and white teeth once more toward us.

"This afflicted person is"—hesitated the Judge.

"Jim," said Miggles.

"Your father?"

"No."

"Brother?"

"No."

"Husband?"

Miggles darted a quick, half-defiant glance at the two lady passengers, who, I had noticed, did not participate in the general masculine admiration of Miggles, and said gravely:—"No, it's Jim."

There was an awkward pause. The lady passengers moved closer to each other. The Washoe husband looked abstractedly at the fire; and the tall man apparently turned his eyes inward for self-support at this emergency. But Miggles' laugh, which was very infectious, broke the silence. "Come," she said, briskly, "you must be hungry. Who'll bear a hand to help me get tea?"

She had no lack of volunteers. In a few moments Yuba Bill was engaged, like Caliban, in bearing logs for this Miranda; the expressman was grinding coffee on the veranda; to myself the arduous duty of slicing bacon was assigned; and the judge lent each man his good humored and voluble counsel. And when Miggles, assisted by the judge and our Hibernian "deck passenger," set the table with all the available crockery, we had become quite joyous, in spite of the rain that beat against windows, the wind that whirled down the chimney, the two ladies who whispered together in the corner, or the magpie who uttered a satirical and croaking commentary on their conversation from his perch above. In the now bright, blazing fire we could see that the walls were papered with illustrated journals, arranged with feminine taste and discrimination. The furniture was extemporized, and adapted from candle boxes and packing cases, and covered with gay calico, or the skin of some animal. The arm-chair of the helpless Jim was an ingenious variation of a flour barrel. There was neatness and even a taste for the picturesque to be seen in the few details of the long, low room.

The meal was a culinary success. But more, it was a social triumph—chiefly, I think, owing to the rare tact of Miggles in guiding the conversation, asking all the questions herself, yet bearing throughout a frankness that rejected the idea of any concealment on her own part. So that we talked of ourselves, of our prospects, of the journey, of the weather, of each other—of everything but our host and hostess. It must be confessed that Miggles' conversation was never elegant, rarely grammatical, and that at times she used expletives, the use of which had generally been yielded to our sex. But they were delivered with such a lighting up of teeth and eyes, and were usually followed by a laugh—a laugh peculiar to Miggles—so frank and honest that it seemed to clear the moral atmosphere.

Once during the meal we heard a noise like the rubbing of a heavy body against the outer walls of the house. This was shortly followed by a scratching and sniffing at the door. "That's Jonquin," said Miggles in reply to our questioning glances; "would you like to see him?" Before we could answer she had opened the door and disclosed a half grown grizzly, who instantly raised himself on his haunches, with his forepaws hanging down in the popular attitude of mendicancy and looked admiringly at Miggles, with a very grotesque resemblance in his manner to Yuba Bill. "That's my watch dog," said Miggles, in explanation. "O, he don't bite," she added, as the two lady passengers fluttered into a corner. "Does he, old Toppy?"—(the latter remark being addressed directly to the sagacious Jonquin), "I tell you what, boys," continued Miggles, after she had fed and closed the door on *Ursa Minor*, "you were in big luck that Jonquin wasn't hanging round when you dropped in to-night."

"Where was he?" asked the judge.

"With me," said Miggles. "Lord love you; he trots round with me nights like as if he was a man."

We were silent for a few moments and listened to the wind. Perhaps we all had the same picture before us—of Miggles walking through the rainy woods, with her savage guardian at her side. The judge, I remember, said something about Una and her lion, but Miggles received it as she did other compliments, with quiet gravity. Whether she was altogether unconscious of the admiration she excited—she could hardly have been oblivious of Yuba Bill's adoration—I knew not; but her very frankness suggested a perfect sexual equality that was cruelly humiliating to the younger members of our party.

The incident of the bear did not add anything in Miggles' favor to the opinions of those of her own sex who were present. In fact, the repast over, a chilliness radiated from the two lady passengers that no pine boughs brought in by Yuba Bill and cast as a sacrifice upon the hearth could wholly overcome. Miggles felt it, and suddenly declaring that it was time to "turn in," offered to show the ladies to their bed in an adjoining room. "You, boys," will have to camp out here by the fire as well as you can," she added, "for thar aint but the one room."

Our sex—by which, my dear sir, I allude, of course, to the stronger portion of humanity—has been generally relieved from the imputation of curiosity or a fondness for gossip. Yet I am constrained to say that hardly had the door closed on Miggles than we crowded together, whispering, snickering, smiling and exchanging suspicions, surmises and a thousand speculations in regard to our pretty hostess and her singular companion. I fear that we even hustled that imbecile paralytic, who sat like a voiceless Memnon in our midst, gazing, with the serene indifference of two hundred pulseless eyes, upon our wordy councils. In the midst of an exciting discussion the door opened again and Miggles re-entered.

But no! apparently, the same Miggles who, a few hours before, had flashed upon us. Her eyes were downcast, and, as she hesitated for a moment on the threshold, with a blanket on her arm, she seemed to have left behind her the frank fearlessness which had charmed us a moment before. Coming into the room, she threw her blanket beside the paralytic's chair, sat down, drew the blanket over her shoulders and, saying "If it's all the same to you, boys, as we're rather crowded, I'll stop here to-night," took the invalid's withered hand in her own and turned her eyes upon the dying fire. An instinctive feeling that this was only premonitory to more confidential relations, and perhaps some shame at our previous curiosity, kept us silent. The rain still beat upon the roof; wandering gusts of wind stirred the embers into momentary brightness, until, in a lull of the elements, Miggles suddenly lifted up her head and, throwing her hair over her shoulder, turned her face upon the group and asked:—

"Is there any of you that knows me?"

There was no reply.

"Think again. I lived at Marysville in '63. Everybody knew me there and everybody had the right to know me. I kept the Polka Saloon until I came to live with Jim. That's six years ago. Perhaps I've changed some."

The absence of recognition may have disconcerted her. She turned her head to the fire again, and it was some seconds before she again spoke, and then more rapidly.

"Well, you see I thought some of you must have known me. There's no great harm done, anyway. What I was going to say was this:—you, there"—she took the hand by both of hers as she spoke—"used to know me if you didn't, and spent a heap of money upon me. I reckon he spent all he had. And one day—it's six years ago this winter—Jim came into my back room, sat down on my sofy, like as you see him in that chair, and never moved again without help. He was struck all of a heap and never seemed to know what ailed him. The doctors came, and said as how it was caused all along of his way of life—for Jim was a-right free and will like—and that he would never get better, and couldn't last long anyway. They advised me to send him to Frisco to the hospital, for he was no good to any one and would be a baby all his life. Perhaps it was something in Jim's eye, perhaps it was that I never had a baby, but I said 'No.' I was rich then for I was popular with everybody—gentlemen like yourself, sir, came to see me—and I sold out my business and bought this yer place, because it was sort of out of the way of travel, you see, and I brought my baby here."

With a woman's intuitive tact and poetry, she had as she spoke slowly shifted her position so as to bring the mute figure of the ruined man between her and her audience—hiding in the shadow behind it—as if she offered it as a tacit apology for her actions. Silent and expressionless it yet spoke for her; helpless, crushed and smitten with the Divine thunderbolt, it still stretched an invisible arm around her.

Hidden in the darkness, but still holding his hand, she went on:—

"It was a long time before I could get the hang of things about yer, for I was used to company and excitement. I couldn't get any woman to help me, and a man I dursent trust; but what with the Indians hereabout, who'd do odd jobs for me, and having everything sent from the North Fork, Jim and I managed to worry through. The Doctor would run up from Sacramento once in a while. He'd ask to see 'Miggles' baby,' as he called Jim, and when he'd go away, he'd say, 'Miggles, you're a trump—God bless you;' and it didn't seem so lonely after that. But the last time he was here he said, as he opened the door to go:—'Do you know, Miggles, your baby will grow up to be a man yet, and an honor to his mother; but not here, Miggles, not here!' And I thought he went away sad—and—and"—and here Miggles' voice and head were somehow both lost completely in the shadow.

"The folks about here are very kind," said Miggles, after a pause, coming a little into the light again. "The men from the Fork used to hang around here, until they found they wasn't wanted, and the women are kind enough, don't call. I was pretty lonely until I picked up Joaquin in the woods one day, when he wasn't so high, and taught him to beg for his dinner; and then thar's Polly—that's the magpie—she knows no end of tricks, and makes it quite sociable of evenings with her talk, and so I don't feel like as I was the only living being about the ranch. And Jim here," said Miggles, with her old laugh again coming out quite into the firelight, "Jim—why, boys, you would admire to see how much he knows for a man like him. Sometimes I bring him flowers, and he looks at 'em just as natural as if he knows'em; and times, when we're setting here alone, I read him those things on the wall. Why, Lord!" said Miggles, with her frank laugh, "I've read him that whole side of the house this winter. There never was such a man for reading as Jim."

"Why," asked the judge, "do you not marry this man to whom you have devoted your youthful life?"

"Well, you see," said Miggles, "it would be playing it rather low down on Jim, to take advantage of his being so helpless. And then, too, if we were man and wife now, we'd both know that I was bound to do what I now do of my own accord."

"But you are young yet and attractive—"

"It's getting late," said Miggles, gravely, "and you'd better all turn in. Good night, boys;" and throwing the blanket over her head, Miggles laid herself down beside Jim's chair, her head pillowed on the low stool that held his feet and spoke no more. The fire slowly faded from the hearth; we each sought our blankets in silence; and, presently, there was no sound in the long room but the pattering of the rain upon the roof and the heavy breathing of sleepers.

It was nearly morning when I awoke from a troubled dream. The storm had passed, the stars were shining, and through the shutterless window the full moon, lifting itself over the solemn pines without, looked into the room. It touched the lonely figure in the chair with an infinite compassion, and seemed to baptize with a shining flood the lowly head of the woman whose hair, as in the sweet old story, bathed the feet of him she loved. It even lent a kindly poetry to the rugged outline of Yuba Bill, half reclining on his elbow between them and his passengers, with savagely-patient eyes keeping watch and ward. And then I fell asleep and only woke at broad day with Yuba Bill standing over me, and "all aboard" ringing in my ears.

Coffee was waiting for us on the table, but Miggles was gone. We wandered about the house and lingered long after the horses were harnessed, but she did not return. It was evident that she wished to avoid a formal leave-taking, and had so left us to depart as we had come.

After we had helped the ladies into the coach, we returned to the house and solemnly shook hands with the paralytic Jim, and solemnly settling him back into position after each handshake. Then we looked for the last time around the long, low room, at the stool where Miggles had sat, and slowly took our seats in the waiting coach. The whip cracked and we were off!

But as we reached the high road Bill's dexterous hand laid the six horses back on their haunches, and the stage stopped with a jerk. For there, on a little eminence beside the road, stood Miggles, her hair flying, her eyes sparkling, her white handkerchief waving and her white teeth flashing a last "good-by." We waved our hats in return. And then Yuba Bill, as if fearful of further fascination, madly lashed his horses forward and we sank back in our seats. We exchanged not a word until we reached the North Fork and the stage drew up at the Independence House. Then, the judge leading, we walked into the bar-room and took our places gravely at the bar.

"Are your glasses charged, gentlemen?" said the judge, solemnly taking off his white hat.

They were.

"Well, then, here's to *Miggles*, GOD BLESS HER!

Perhaps He had. Who knows?

VALKING UB BROADWAY.---No. 8.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY OOFTY GOOFT.

Missed id agin—you are der fool-ishest roosder I know o;—vere der dooce vas you? I dold you a week ago dot der Toney Pastor Baddalion vas goin to durn out on Thursday und I wanted you to be around cause I vas goin, und you cood vent along, doo. Id vas bad enuff for you to miss der "blow oud" of Von Druck fellers mitoud missing dis also besides. Ve had a shblendid dime, und you dalk of der Sefend Regimend, dem baddle scarred federans, dey aind a marker for der Tony Pastor Baddalion. You ought hafe seen dem—dey vas chusd gay mit deir plue ofercoads und deir cray caps—und march—dey can mareh like Zoozavvers. Eferypody dought dey vas der Sefend Regiment dill dey saw Sam Spencer an front of der bioneers mit a big muff on his head und der sheese knife of his farder in his righ hand, valking backvards und saying:—'Go easy ofer der shdones." Sam vas der cabtain of der bioneers—dem's der fellers dot go aheat, und droves der cars, und shdages und shildren oud of der vay, und his men dey vas big fellers, chust like him. Yes, sir, dere vas Tom Maxwell, Billy Hart, Murphy, Clark, Cregan and dree or four more mit muffs on deir heads, und dey all had some axes and plackshmids aprons on. Den come der band; dey made awful nice moosic und loud doc—you cood hear it more as dwo blocks avay. Righd pehind der band vas der major—Frank Kerns—und you ought to hafe saw him—"Shu fly dond bodder me"—he vas god nb regardless of exbense, und looked goot enuff to end. Dey ray dot 'der Major of a Regimend is der gendleman of id, und if der Major of der Tony Pastor Baddalion vas any criderion to vent by den der Major is a gendleman. George Thompson, der Dutch feller, he vas der cabdain, und you oughd do hafe saw his musdaches—dey vas sdarched und dey shduck righd shdraight oud—he valked gallus, doo, und he had his head avay ub high in der air—dot's a vonder he didn'd fall over someding. Eddy Powers vas der agidunt, und you shood hafe peen dere so as do look ad him brace himself to holler oud loud chusd before he vas gun to gave oud a order. Vell, ven der vay he made a durkey dy inside of him vas exdonishing. Collins, der Cure, cured a ham, und I don'd dink dot ham vill ever shboil. Sam Spencer sod alongsite of a leedle pig, und he blayed a solo on id mit a pedayder und bread und budder accombanimend. Id is useless to say, Sharley, dot der pig nefer vas seen since.

After dinner der brizes vas gife oud. Jim Glenn vas fery sick, and he couldn't be dere, so newsbendy, ven his durn come he vasn'd dere, und J. K. Campbell shot for him und von der firsd brize, a $100 greenback. Der second brize vas a $50 node, und Tom Maxwell valked off mit id. Den dere vas dwo dwendy dollar gold bieces, und Collins, der cure, und Gilchrist dook care of dem for fear dey vood got lost. Eddy Kenny he god dwendy dollars in currency for der drouple he dook, und he vasn'd proud apout it. Hughey Dougherty he vin der dirdy-eighd brize, und I shose he has god id yed -to gid. Dere vas sixdy-sefen brizes all togeder, und dey vas all nice vons doo. Bud Levi White he didn't hid der darged ad all. Der day pefore der boys durned oud, Gofenor Hoffman offered to make a bed mit der Gofenor of Coney Island for Levi vood pring home der prad or second brize sure; bud Levi didn't hid der darged ad all: he dought he did, dough, und didn'd find id oud dill afder der beer vas gone. Vasn'd id doo bad. Der fun vas almosd ofer und dey commenced to gid reaty to vent home. Der drum bead, and der major und der cabdain, und der lewdenands und der cabdain of der bioneers bulled deir sheese knifes oud und of boy vas dere, und der moosic commenced to spiel und dey marched avay. De big car vas all ready on der drack, der eighd horses in frond of id vas brancing und dancing, und der conducdor vas on der back shdoop mit his hand all fixed ready to took der fares. Der baddalion god on board, der band blayed "Shu Fly, Don'd Bodder Me," der boys jined in und avay ve vent. Sharley, I neier enjoyed anyding more in my life, und dot der Tony Pastor Beddalion efer goes oud agin "may ve be dere to saw." Efergiving vent so merry like a dinner bell und efery von vas highly bleased. I understhand dot der poys dalk someding of giding a crand ball somedime in der course of der season, und of dey do! musd scoob id in sure. Bully for dem; may dey efery von leef do be a dousand years old.

DO BEEN CODINUED.

Anecdote of Macready.

A singular thing occurred at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, during Macready's engagement. The play was "Virginius," and if ever the great tragedian felt himself pedestaled above all common humanity it was when he was arrayed in a Roman toga. On this occasion he was just preparing himself at the side scene for an imposing entrance, when the Dentatus of the evening, Mr. George Farren—an excellent actor and a genial gentleman, but much sought after by the jolly boys of the period, and hence subject to occasional departures from the strict line of temperance—stumbled up against him in a disagreeably familiar manner.

"Bill," said he, in a suspiciously husky voice.

"Sir," responded the great man, looking a million of daggers.

"I want you to—understand, old boy—hic—you're not agoin' to get—erra—many of the syllables to-night."

"Thomas, where do you think your soul will go?" "Soul! Soul!" said Thomas. "Yes, sir," said Mr. Wesley; "do you not know what your soul is?" "Ay, surely," said Thomas; "why, it is a little bone in the back that lives longer than the body."

A LITTLE neglect may breed great mischief—for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of proper care about a horse-shoe.

THE MANAGERIAL QUANDARY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"So you think, Mr. Pillsbury, that there is no post worth striving for in connection with a theatre, or worth the holding when attained, except that of manager. There *was* a time when I entertained the same opinion myself. How I came to modify it I will presently tell you."

The speaker was a man of the medium size, somewhat thickset, with perhaps a trace or two of good living in his outward appearance; careless as to wardrobe and accessories, with an air of mingled superiority and deference, as one who, while feeling that he has the right to command, is not unfrequently obliged to forego his pretensions in favor of those whose destinies he is supposed to rule with iron sway.

"I have been stage struck myself—I confess it—and can easily recall the time when in my eyes the manager of a theatre was a personage even more potential than kings—between whose habits and his own there was something in common. Of ordinary rulers—presidents, governors and such—I entertain no very lofty idea; those positions were within the grasp of any man who could poll a sufficient number of votes to put him in; but a manager must not only carve out his individual destinies, but must be born to the dignity besides. He probably wore a crown and scepter in his private reception room, and sat on a throne and drank nectar served by the hands of some of the Hebes and Ganymedes of the *ballet;* at least, he might have done so for aught that I knew—his privacy was so jealously watched and guarded."

"But you were going to tell us what the manager said to Pillsbury."

"I'm coming to that presently. You see it was a long time before I obtained anything more than a passing glimpse of what is actually transpiring behind the scenes. As destiny must be accomplished, I came as near to it as I could by enrolling myself among the members of an amateur association; for, like some other famous character whose name, as usual, I have forgotten, I felt that 'it was in me and must come out.' The flattering opinion of a numerous circle of acquaintance had confirmed me in the idea, which a youthful *confrere* had 'clinched' by introducing me to his club. Our private theatre was a wood-shed and storage room, which genius had transformed into a temple of the Muses by the simple cutting away of a floor, the material of which answered for stage and benches. My 'night' came duly round, and I was at length rewarded for all my toils by seeing myself on a printed bill, cast for the trifling part of Hamlet, said bill being the tasteful work of another member, who was printer's devil in a theatrical job office. I had given the part a good three months' careful study, and was what is called 'dead-letter perfect,' but from the moment of my entrance, clad in my suit of inky black, I became afflicted with a sudden apoplexy of the tongue, in which my legs refused to share, for they took all the activity upon themselves and went off in a species of *pas seul* known as the dance of St. Vitus, to my own infinite honor and chagrin. The audience, specially invited to witness my *debut*, were intensely silent for some minutes, but, finding that the words I strove to utter, like Macbeth's 'amen,' stuck in my throat, and would not out, they exhibited themselves. 'A little more than kin and less than kind' by breaking out in a violent uproar of applause, catcalls and friendly but rather satirical adjurations, muttering something very vague about being 'too much in the suds' (Charles Kean was my model), 'inky suits of solemn black,' 'windy suspirations of forced breath' and the like, I rushed off the stage, overturning the king and queen in my flight and did not stop until I had gained the secret retreats of my dressing room, where I speedily got rid of the outer integuments of my lord Hamlet and retired once more into the shades of private life."

"But how about Pillsbury?"

"I'm coming to him directly. Defeated in this my first action, it might naturally have been supposed that I would have 'cut' the Muses Nine, especially as they greeted me on returning to my paternal sponsor in the shape of a leather implement of as many strings, in the form of a knot, in fact, the 'cat-o'-nine-tails.' But no such thing; an air-drawn something dragged me irresistibly forward, and I resought the scene of glittering fascination to make my *entrée* in a more modest part as Sentry in 'Pizarro.' In lieu of the portentous boots and leathern spear, whose sensitive heart melts like a pot of butter at the slightest allusion to his family. For years I submitted to my fate without a murmur, but there is a limit to the strongest endurance. Spurned by managers, snubbed by critics, chaffed and hazed by an unfeeling public, in an hour of unusual despondency I was overcome at once by a diabolical spirit of revenge and a brilliant idea. What if I myself were to assume the *role* of manager and thus turn the tables upon my enemies and persecutors? I met a friend in need and behold the consequence!

"I soon found that it was a very fine thing to be a manager when business is brisk, talent abundant and easily procurable, and money plentiful, but that it is quite another matter when the public won't bite, and novelty is difficult of attainment, and there is a stringency in the money market. Another friend in need came along at this juncture, first having treacherously enrolled himself among my opponents—a leading tragedian, whose talismanic tones could fill the air at will with golden tokens. 'I see the trouble,' he said; 'you are in want of talent. A house like yours can never get along without strong attraction—something above the common. There's the Histrionic—it has no better card than Forrest, but it fills its benches. There's the Metropolitan—it can't get anything better than Booth, but its seats are crowded. Try me!'

"Try *him!* It had the sound of one of old Sherman's lozenge circulars, but it was all one to me if I could only persuade children to cry for him as they did for the lozenges. All he asked was to be allowed the choice of pieces, to have new scenery painted for every change, new costumes provided, to supply his own doorkeeper and treasurer, and to absorb say two-thirds of the clear receipts, besides taking the *entire* receipts for a benefit. With such moderate terms it would have been unreasonable to express dissatisfaction, and I closed with this magnificent creature, who, as if by magic, to resuscitate my falling fortunes,"——

"Yes; and Pillsbury——"

"Sir, that man became the bane of my life. You are familiar with the story of Sinbad, and are posted as to the Old Man of the Mountain. Place me in the position of Sinbad, and take Swaggerby for the dwarf, and there you have us. I was obliged to submit to an invasion by the rest of the Swaggerby family, but, being one in for it, what did I care for minor particulars? I was wearing the crown I had pictured in my boyhood to some purpose, and the scepter of the great dramatist—'uneasy lies the head,' *dicetera*—occurred to me in all their force and grandeur. If I should say that Swaggerby walked over the other members of the company rough-shod, I shouldn't do it justice. He *did* it, and jabbed the spikes in. He spoke in a snarling, dyspeptic way with a snap, and was forever dissatisfied and unhappy. One morning he came to me in a huff, but he always did that to convey the idea that he considered himself extremely ill-used.

"'Tuck, tuck, tuck!' (he usually began with three mild clucks, like a hen with the pip), 'this is really *too* bad! The costumes in this play should be Venetian, and La Grouche has told me that you are going to dress it in Greek and Spanish.'

"'Why, we always do it that way—been do e so for centuries,' was my mild rejoinder.

"'Can't help it; won't go down with me. Must have a new wardrobe. Throw up my part.'

"I submitted to this and a dozen similar exactions, and resigned myself, with perfect indifference, to the stream of inferior complainants who then pounced in upon me. I might have left all my complaints, I might have told him that he was a scarecrow to the rest of the company. That they were not sparing in their complaints about *him*. That he often substituted his own language for the author's. That he did not speak English. That he murdered French and Italian. That he had no conception of his parts. That he was bandy-legged. That he was rude to the women. I might have said this, but I didn't. Another friend had come to me—a dramatic censor, who had been leading an onslaught against me for dullness and lack of enterprise, and who said:—

"'I know just what you want. The drama is unpopular—plays are all old—people have had too much of it. Try novelty. I've a friend who has a new play—I'll write it up for you in the papers. Have a lot of pretty girls—two or three first-rate dancers—a singer or two—that's the dodge, depend on't!'

"Next day the great Swaggerby came to me in a towering passion, with my letter in his hand, which shook with excitement.

"'Tuck, tuck, tuck!' he said, sharply, as he tapped the missive briskly with his cane. "Is this your gratitude? After all the interest I have taken in your affairs, to send me an insulting message like this! Why, it is nothing more nor less'——

"'Your dismissal,' I rejoined, looking him in the eye with Roman firmness.

"He came down a bit after that, and, from declaring that he had engaged with me at a sacrifice, offered to share the houses, to use the regular wardrobe, to play for a salary—but it wouldn't do. I had broken my shackles and he must needs be a very smart man that would rivet them upon me again.

"We closed for repairs and came out efflorescent in colored posters and dodgers. The advertisements were irresistible in their invitations thrice repeated:—

Go and see Venus and Adonis!
Go and see Venus and Adonis!!
Go-o-o and see Venus and Adonis!!!
The biggest bit of the century!!
The biggest bit of the century!!
The biggest bit of the century!!!
Miss Wrigglette! Miss Wrigglette!! Miss Wrigglette!!!
Astonishing Agility—Wonderful Transformations—Surprising Vocalistic and Terpsichorean Attractions!

"This did the business effectually. I lived in a new atmosphere and bathed in the sunshine of success. Although it might have been whispered that my *prima donna* was fond of beer, that my principal *danseuse* ate onions, and that my best Columbine was only kept in her fragile condition by eating plentifully of pickles, to me they were more angelic than ever before, for they did not, at all events, want to act Hamlet. I was in my own pinesa, that only the night before the production of my new piece both the rival managers had assured me confidingly that the play was an old one, and that they had had the self same novelty for weeks in preparation. My force was superior, and I ran them off with ease. I floated upon the topmost wave of prosperity. The entire population of the city—nay, the whole public throughout the country—was in arms about it. Pillsbury had come to the theatre with their dinner cans and fight for the precedence, and then formed a 'cue' that reached to the nearest oyster shop.

"Better than all, the newspaper men were in transports. It seemed as if they couldn't do enough for me. Here is a sample, cut from a leading journal of the period:—

"EXTRAORDINARY SENSATION—GREAT SUCCESS OF THE NEW SPECTACULAR OPERA, 'VENUS AND ADONIS.'—After a long season of almost compulsory subserviency to a supposititous condition of public sentiment, in catering for which dullness and insipidity are consulted at the expense of the pocket, we are rejoiced to see that Mr. Manager Multiple has thrown aside his decubus, and is giving the public what they have so long desired—a series of brilliant novelties, in which the charms of female loveliness are blent with the fascinations of art and genius, and illustrated by the music of the spheres.....Nature appears as a conqueror, one touch of whom, indeed makes the whole world kine.....Enterprise, liberality and talent. ....Go on, Multiple, go on! Energy and enterprise such as yours must conquer! etc., etc.

"All the rest of the journals were piping in the same strain, when, one morning, as I sat at my breakfast, on taking up a favorite newspaper, my equanimity and rye coffee were simultaneously upset by the following paragraph from the journal aforementioned:—

"'THE PUBLIC RETURNING TO REASON.—REVIVIFICATION OF THE LEGITIMATE DRAMA.—At last, after having for several years vainly endeavored to stem the torrent of infatuation, we take to ourselves the satisfaction of announcing that the dragon is dead. This terrible monster, which has for so long a period obscured with his noxious presence the dramatic firmament, is at length put completely *hors de combat* (Shakespeare) and we have now, thanks to the superior discernment of a public which never was known to go wrong in these matters, a return to that feast of reason and flow of soul to which we have so ardently been aspiring. What says the poet! '*Duce reverimur, reverimur!*' which reminds us that the great swaggerby has *once more* returned to us, and is on the eve of inaugurating a Shakespearean revival, such as ——,' etc., etc., etc.

"'Perfidious! And, yet, these lines were traced by the same pen that——

"'But, about that story that the Manager was about to tell Pillsbury?'

"'Well, 'pon my word, I had altogether forgotten that. But, I'll tell you what it is: John Brougham and several other congenial souls are to meet this evening at the 'Hawk and Handsaw.' You just ask him, and he'll tell you all about it. But, mind ye—'Mum's the word!'"

BOB O'GOTHAM.

TO SOMEPODY DOT KNOWS WHO ID IS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Dere is a female in dis town,
A lady nice to view,
Her hair is prown, her sheeks is red,
Und her eyes is

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

I NEVER DID!

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Yes, I have sailed in many seas,
And many things I've met—
In distant lands and foreign parts
I never can forget;
I've traveled in the mighty west,
And in the torrid east,
And on the most remarkable
Of sights my eyes did feast.

But never in my long life has
My vision rested on
Quite such a huge and fearful thing
As yonder maid's chignon!
I mean the pretty creature in
The walking suit and hat;
No! I have never, never seen
A chignon quite like that!

I. D. CLARK.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHAT kind of *braces* do ladies prefer? Embraces.

WHY is the word "Yes" like a mountain? Because it's an *ascent*.

WHEN does water resemble a gymnast? When it makes a spring.

WHEN is a blow from a lady welcome? When she strikes you agreeably.

WHY are jokes like nuts? Because the dryer they are the better they crack.

WHAT requires more philosophy than taking things as they come? Parting with things as they go.

WHEN did Hamlet intimate that he should be armed to the teeth? When he said, "I will speak daggers."

WHY is a bee-hive like a decayed potato? Because a bee-hive is a bee-holder, a beholder is a spectator (a specked tater), a specked tater is a decayed potato.

BREVITIES.

HOLD yourself in restraint without putting restraint upon others.

MARRYING a woman for her beauty is like eating a bird for its singing.

NEVER apply the whip to a donkey. One ass should never strike another.

To be cheerfully disposed at the hours of meals is one of the best signs of health.

THOSE who will not be ruled by the rudder are likely to be ruled by the rock.

AN insult always calls forth the worst part of a good man and the best part of a bad.

INDUSTRY and economy will get rich while sagacity and intrigue are laying their plans.

GENTLEMEN engaged to be married are now politely termed husbands by brevet.

PUT the strongest minded woman in a bonnet shop, and it will instantly turn her head.

IT was said of a rich miser that he died of great want—the want of more money.

GENIUS may often be discovered by the manner in which children pass their leisure moments.

WHAT enormous legs firemen must have, as we often hear of them using *hose* fifty feet in length!

"SHOOT Folly as she flies—Pope" was set up by a stupid printer "Shoot Polly as she flies—Pop."

THE superficial often applaud vanity and weakness, when they fancy they are admiring and approving virtue.

THE position of an æronaut must be a very painful one, from a constant tendency there is in it to make him soar.

AN Emeralder, in writing his life, says "he ran away early from his father because he discovered he was only his uncle."

A BACHELOR editor, who had a pretty sister, recently wrote to another bachelor equally fortunate, "Please exchange."

BREVITY and punctuality are not the trifling virtues too many good people seem by their speech and procrastination to deem them.

A GENTLEMAN once observing that a person, famous in the musical profession, led a very abandoned life—"Ay," replied a wag, "the whole tenor of his life has been base."

A REPORTER, in describing a meeting of a total abstinence society, said that "they had a most harmonious and profitable session, and retired from the hall full of the *best of spirits*."

IF the young lady who recently inquired of us how she could best learn to sing, will go and give some music master gold, he will probably give her *notes* in exchange.

A SPORTING man remarked on a belle, in the habit of wearing low necked dresses, who carried off a matrimonial prize in the shape of a rich old widower, that "she won the race by a neck."

MERRY MOMENTS.

A POST MORTEM CURATOR.—A merchant, of Liverpool, who died suddenly, left in his desk a letter written to one of his correspondents. His sagacious clerk, seeing the necessity of sending the letter, wrote at the bottom: "Since writing the above I have died."

DEFINITION OF SLANDER.—"Donald," said a Scotch dame, looking up to her son, "what's a slander?" "A slander, gude mither?" quoth young Donald, twisting the corner of his plaid. "Aweel, I hardly ken, unless it be an ower true tale which one good woman tells of anither."

AN UNHAPPY MAN.—A wedding was to take place at Nashville, one evening lately, and bride, parson and guests were ready, when it was announced that the unhappy groom was on jury which was unable to agree, and had been locked up for the night.

FEMININE CALCULATION.—A gentleman one day indiscretely asked a lady how old she was. She reflected. "Let me see. I was eighteen when I was married and my husband was thirty; now he is twice thirty, that is sixty; so, of course, I am twice eighteen, that is thirty-six.

OXYGEN AND HYDROGEN.—While an ignorant lecturer was describing the nature of gas, a bluestocking lady inquired of a gentleman near her what was the difference between oxygin and hydrogin? "Very little, madame," said he; "by oxygin we mean pure gin; and by hydrogin, gin and water."

A POVERTY STRICKEN Frenchman being aroused by his wife one night with the cry, "Get up, Jacques, there's a robber in the house!" calmly answered, "Hush! don't let us disturb him. Let him ransack the house, and if he finds anything of value we'll then get up and take it away from him."

NOT OF THE SAME WAY OF THINKING.—A French duellist coming home from his last meeting gave two napoleons to the coachman. "Many thanks; it is a pleasure to drive you out." "I beg your pardon; it is not for driving me out that I give you those louis—it is for driving me home again."

WHAT MAKES DE CORN GROW.—"I say, Sambo does ye, know what makes de corn grow so fast when you put de manure on it?" "No, I don't hardly." "Now, I'll just tell ye. When de corn begins to smell de manure, it don't like de 'fumery, so hurries out ob de ground and gits up as high as possible, so as not to breathe de bad air."

GUESS THAT STUCK.—A passenger in a sailing packet was complaining to an old "salt" that he was so sick he couldn't keep anything on his stomach, when the sailor exclaimed, "Can't keep anything on your *stummick!* you jest try a mustard plaster and if *that* don't stick I'll stand the grog for all hands from here to the Injes."

THE EMPEROR AND THE JESTER.—An emperor one day went out a-hunting along with the prince. When the weather became hot, the emperor and the prince put their cloaks upon the back of a jester. The emperor fell a-laughing and said to him, "Oh, jester! you have there the load of an ass!" The jester replied:—"Nay, I have, in fact, the load of two asses."

HEN PHILOSOPHY.—"Now, young people," said a professor of natural history to his class, "now, then, as to hens. A hen has the capacity of laying just six hundred eggs and no more, and she finishes the job in just about five years. Now, what is to be done with her after that?" "Cut off her head and sell her to an hotel keeper for a spring chicken!" exclaimed an urchin whose father dealt in poultry.

A DRUNKEN captain who met a private in his company in the same condition, and ordering him to "halt," the while endeavoring to assume a firm position on his feet and talk with dignified severity, exclaimed, "Private Smith, I'll give you till (hic) four o'clock to gissoberin." "Cap'n," replied the soldier, "as you'r a s-s-s-sight drunkerniam, I'll give you t'll (hic) five o'clock to gis-soberin."

DEPENDS UPON THE HORSE.—A southern gentleman riding a very ordinary-looking horse asked a negro whom he met how far it was to a neighboring town, whither he was going. The negro, looking at the animal under the rider with a broad grin of contempt, replied:—"Wy dat ar hoss, massa, it's jist fo'teen miles. Wy a good chunk ob a hoss, seben miles; but if you jist had Massa Jimmy's hoss, gosh! you're *dere now!*"

PROPANE (GERMAN) WIT.—*Railway Officer*—"Your tickets, gentlemen, if you please." *Impetuous Traveler*—"Ah! Himmelkreuzschockschwerenothdonnerwetter! May I be seized by ten million fiends if I can find my ticket! Yes! here it is; for Elberfeld." *Pious Traveler*—"If you swear in this way, sir, I fear your ticket will take you to the infernal regions rather than to Elberfeld." *Impetuous Traveler* (grimly)—"O, I don't care: I've got a return ticket!"

AN AWKWARD COMPLIMENT.—A few days since a wedding breakfast was given by a substantial farmer blessed with five daughters, the eldest being the bride, when a neighbor, a young farmer who was honored with an invitation, thinking no doubt he ought to say something smart and complimentary upon the event, addressing the bridegroom, said:—"Well, you have got the pick of the batch!" The countenances of the four unmarried ones, as may be imagined, were awfully indignant.

EPIGRAM.

Pray, what is lighter than a feather?
Dust, my friend, in summer weather.
What's lighter than the dust, I pray?
The wind that blows them both away.
What is lighter than the wind?
The lightness of a woman's mind.
And what is lighter than the last?
Ah, now, my friend, you have me fast!

AN UNDRESSED REGIMENT.—The story is told of Menschikoff, the Russian General, that on one occasion, when he was displaying his regiment to the Emperor Nicholas, the latter remarked some trifling deficiencies in the matter of the dress of the men, and petulantly exclaimed, "I would rather see your regiment not dressed at all than dressed so." Menschikoff quickly turned to his troops, "Attention! uniforms off!" To the bewilderment of the Czar the men had in a moment stripped to the skin, though it was freezing weather. Saluting his Emperor, Menschikoff said, "Sire, my men are at your Majesty's orders." Nicholas did not get angry.

A LITERARY COBBLER.—An *attache* to the French Embassy at St. Petersburg wrote a little comedy called "The Dancing Shoes," which was performed with great success at a *fete* given at the Embassy. The Princess O. was so much pleased with the piece that she begged the author to send her a copy, which, of course, he was only too glad to do. A few days afterward he went in person to the Princess' house with his manuscript. "Who am I to announce?" inquired the flunkey. The *attache*, thinking his noble patroness might not remember his name, answered:—"Tell the Princess that I bring her the 'Dancing Shoes.'" And the footman, opening the door of his mistress' room, announced, "Your ladyship's boot-maker!"

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

C. W. WHITMAN.—Thank you for acceding to our request; we shall drop you a note shortly.

THEO. M. BROWN.—As your powers of Chess mastication and digestion are known to be prodigious, G. E. C. hurls a goodly mouthful at you next week.

WM. A. SHINKMAN.—Thank you for the new problems.

MR. JACOB ELSON has challenged his late victor to another trial of skill, expressing himself, and naturally, much dissatisfied with his own eversights, and disclaiming the results of this one-sided match as a true exhibit of his relative Chess skill.

Critique on Healey's Problems.—No. XLI.

BY GEO. E. CARPENTER.

PROBLEM No. CLXXXVI.

WHITE.—King at Q R 3; Rooks at Q Kt 5, at d K Kt 4; Knights at Q Kt 7, and K 2; Bishop at K Kt 2; Pawns at Q Kt 4, and Q B 2d.
BLACK.—King at Q B 5; Rooks at K B 2, and 3; Bishop at K B 5; Knight at K 2; Pawns at Q Kt 3, Q B 2, K 3, and 6th.
White to play and give mate in five moves.

Unsound.—The author gives 1. Kt to Q 6 +, followed by 2. B to Q Kt 7, etc. Mate may be given in *four* moves, as follows:—1. K 2 to R 4, Kt to B 3; 2. R × P, P to K 4; R × Kt +, R × R; 4. Kt mates: or, in *three* as shortened by "E. H. C.," by commencing immediately, 1. R × P.

PROBLEM No. CLXXXVII.

WHITE.—King at Q sq; Queen at K R 3; Rook at Q B sq; Knight at K 8; Pawn at K 3d.
BLACK.—King at his 4; Rooks at Q R 4, and Q 4; Knight at Q R 6; Pawns at Q Kt 2, Q 6, and K 3d.
White mates in five moves.

Unsound.—At the second move the Attack may vary, as follows:—2. Q to Kt 4; 3. Q to Kt 4 +, etc.

PROBLEM No. CXCI.

WHITE.—King at his 2; Queen at her R 4; Bishop at K Kt 5; Knight at K 4; Pawns at Q B 2, K 7, and K Kt 5d.
BLACK.—King at his 4; Queen at K R 2; Knights at Q B 3, and K 3; Pawns at Q B 4, Q 2, and K R 4th.
White mates in five moves.

This is after a well known problem by Calvi. See No. 235, "*Mate en 4*," of "*Alexandres Beauties*." [The position here cited stands as follows:—

WHITE.—King at Q 8; Queen at K R 4; Kts at Q 5, and K B 7; Pawns at Q Kt 5, Q B 2, K 2, and 7th.
BLACK.—King at his B 4; Queen at K Kt 2; Rooks at K B 6, and K R 6; Bishop at K 3; Pawns at Q B 4, K 4, and 5, and K R 3d.
White to play and give mate in four moves.]

PROBLEM No. CXCV.

WHITE.—King at Q R 6; Queen at her B sq; Rook at Q 7; Bishops at K B 3, and K Kt sq; Pawn at Q R 5d.
BLACK.—King at Q B 4; Queen at K R 5; Rook at K B 2; Bishops at Q 5, and K 4; Pawns at Q R 4, Q B 5, and 3d.
White to play and give mate in five moves.

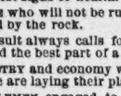
Unsound.—As pointed out by "E. H. C." in the *Kingston Dem. Journal*, White may commence with 1. Q to K sq.

TO BE CONTINUED.

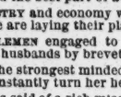
Enigma No. 695.

From American Chess Nuts.

BY N. MARACHE.



at Q Kt 2, K R 4, Q 2, K B 6, K 5, K R 5, Q B sq, K B 8, Q 8th, and a White Pawn at Q Kt 6th.



at Q R sq, Q sq, Q R sq, K B 8, Q Kt sq, K 7, Q R 2, Q B 2d.
White to play and compel sulmate in eighteen moves.

Problem No. 695.

A challenge to all problem gourmands.

BY THEO. M. BROWN.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play and compel sulmate in nineteen moves.]

Game No. 695.

The seventh *partie* of the Elson-Whiteman match. In the 6th, a "Hollandish Opening." Mr Elson committed a flagrant *bêtise* at the 13th move and resigned.—*Bulletin.*

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack. Mr. Whiteman.	Defence. Mr. Elson.	Attack. Mr. Whiteman.	Defence. Mr. Elson.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	19..Kt to Kt 3	P to K Kt 3
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	20..K-his R sq	P-Q B 3
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	21..B 2d P × P	B P × Q P
4..P-Q Kt 4	B × Kt P (a)	22..K 2d P × P	Q P × P
5..P-Q B 3	B-Q B 4	23..Kt × K P	Q-her 4
6..Castles.	P-Q 3	24..P-K B 3	K B-Q 5
7..P-Q 4	K P × P	25..Q-K sq (c)	P × B 2d P
8..B P × P	K B-Kt 3	26..Q R-B 7	Q-K Kt sq
9..P-Q 5	Q Kt-R 4	27..Q Kt × B	K R × Kt
10..Q B-Kt 2	K Kt-K 2	28..Q-K Kt 5	Q-home
11..K B-Q 3	Castles.	29..Q × Kt P	Q × Q R
12..Q Kt-B 3	K Kt-his 3	30..Q × K R +	Q-K Kt 2
13..Q Kt-K 2	Q B-Kt 5 (b)	31..Q × Q +	K × Q
14..Q-her 2	Q B × Kt	32..K R-K 4	Q R-Q sq
15..Kt P × B	K Kt-R 4	33..K R-B 2	Q R-Q 3
16..Q B × Kt	Q P × B	34..K-his Kt 2	P-Q Kt 3
17..P-K B 4	P-K B 3	35..K-Q B 2	K R-Q 2
18..Q R-B sq	K-his R sq	and the paride is drawn.	

(a) "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner." Against his will, apparently, Mr. R has become involved in a prospective, legitimate opening, and much praise is to be awarded him for the zeal and skill with which he fights his way under the pressure brought to bear upon him. With another *bête*, we hope to be treated to more such games.—ED. CLIP.

(b) The book move is P to K B 3. The move in the text is no improvement.

(c) Mr. Elson afterwards pointed out 25..Q R to B 7 as a better move.

Game remarkable for its singularly beautiful termination, at the Grand Cigar Divan.—*Era.*

GIUOCO PIANO.

Mr. G.	Herr Steinitz.	Mr. G.	Herr Steinitz
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	11..K R to K sq	P to K B 3
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	12..P-K 5	Q-her 3
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	13..Q B-K 3	P-K B 4
4..P-Q B 3	K Kt-B 3	14..Q-her R 4	P-K B 5 (*f*)
5..P-Q 4	K P × P	15..Q P × P	Q Kt-K 2
6..P-N 5 (*d*)	P-Q 4	16..Q × Q B (*g*)	B P × B
7..K B-Kt 5	K Kt-K 5	17..B P × P	K R-B 7 (*h*)
8..K Kt × P (*e*)	Castles.	18..Q × B 2d P	Q R-K B sq
9..K B × Kt	Kt P × B	19..Q-her 4 +	K-his R sq
10..Castles.	Q B-R 3	20..K Kt-B 3, and the Attack's moves look very sound, but prove the best—to lose. Herr S., and it is no reproach to Mr G not to have foreseen it, now delivers a coup from the consequences of which no after skill can extricate his opponent. What is the move?	

(*d*) Maj. Jeanisch condemns this, advising P × Q P.

(*e*) We prefer this for a change, to the old cut-and-dry capture of P with P. It is quite as good play, and leads to fresher combinations.

(*f*) This is in good style and shows the adept at once.

(*g*) The position is critical for both parties, and we do not see that Mr. G. could have done better than take this Bishop. To take Q B P is immediately fatal, *e. g.*:—15..Kt × Q B P, Q to her 3; 17..B × B, Kt × B, etc.

(*h*) The play of the Defence from this point is of the highest order, and will repay analysis.

CHEQUERS.

Game No. 27.—Vol. XVII.

BETWEEN MESSRS. BURNS AND STEWART.

CROSS.

Black. Mr. B.	White. Mr. S.	Black. Mr. B.	White. Mr. S.
1..11 to 15	23 to 18	13..2 to 25	30 to 21
2..8 11	27 23	14..6 10	27 23
3..4 8	24 20	15..8 13	25 16
4..15 19	23 16	16..12 19	32 27
5..12 19	28 15	17..3 8	20 16
6..11 18	32 15	18..19 11 (*c*)	16 12
7..9 14	25 22	19..11 15	12 8
8..5 9	29 25	20..14 18	8 3
9..9 13	31 27	21..11 16	3 8
10..14 17 (*a*)	21 14	22..16 20	8 11
11..10 17	25 21	23..1 6	11 16
12..7 10 (*b*)	21 7	White wins.	

(*a*) This move leads to fine play, but loses for Black.

(*b*) As good as anything.

(*c*) 3 to 7 would not have saved the game.

Solution of Position No. 51.—Vol. XVII.

BY [illegible]. C.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..6 to 10	15 to 6	3..23 to 26	30 to 23
2..18 22	23 9	4..16 19, and wins.	

Solution of Position No. 52.—Vol. XVII.

BY D. O'SHEEN.

White.	Black.	White.
1..16 to 11	25 to 14	2..22 to 18, and wins.

Position No. 53.—Vol. 17. Position No. 54. Vol. 17.

BY "EDWARD."

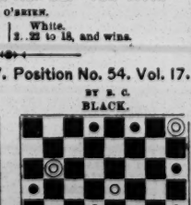
BLACK.

WHITE.

White to move and "skunk."

BY R. C.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

INTERESTING TO DOG FANCIERS.—A correspondent writes as follows concerning a diminutive specimen of the canine species owned by Daniel Clemmens, leader of orchestra at Lancaster, Pa.:—"This is the smallest canine I ever saw. He is of the English terrier species, measuring around the waist 7½ inches, and from the tip of the nose to the tail 9½ inches; height, 4½ inches; weighs one pound and a half, scant weight; brindle color; is 7 months old, and has not grown any for four months. He is the most intelligent dog for his age I ever saw. It takes but an hour to learn any trick, and what he learns he retains. He is a great curiosity, attracting large crowds daily to see him and witness him perform the numerous tricks taught him by his owner. For intelligence, size and beauty, Mr. Clemmens challenges the world to produce his equal."

RAT-TAT-TAT.—The fifth annual *soiree dansante* of the Eighth Regiment Drum Corps will be held at the armory, corner of Grand and Centre streets, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 17th. As these annual re-unions are always of a very *recherche* character, the "assembly" call will doubtless be responded to by a large number of the lady and gentlemen friends of the *corps*. We tender our thanks to Drum-Major McKeever and the members of the committee for an invitation to take part. Taps!

ORIENTAL MAXIM.—If a man knows what he knows, he will lead a happy life. If a man does not know, and knows that he does not know, he may lead a tolerable life. But if a man does not know, and does not know that he does not know, he will lead a miserable life.

THE RING.

RING FIGHT IN CALIFORNIA

BETWEEN

William P. Reilly and Patrick Cannon,

FOR A PURSE.

91 ROUNDS IN 1 HOUR 35 MIN.

THE REFEREE DECLARES IT A DRAW.

The result of the battle between William Reilly, otherwise known as the "Valparaiso Champion," and Patrick Cannon, formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y., but now residing in "Frisco," has already been given in our columns, and we herewith present full details of the mill. Reilly was born in Dublin, Ireland, about 24 years ago, and reaches an altitude of 5ft. 11in. without his shoes. He is credited with two engagements previously, and lately opened a saloon on Jackson street San Francisco. He had been, seemingly, very anxious to get on a match with Jimmy Dwyer and others for some time prior to the making of the match under consideration, which was for $250 a side. Cannon is likewise a native of Dublin, and in height, weight and age is very much like his opponent. His only previous fight was with Hughes, at Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Nov. 23d, 1867, Cannon being beaten after fighting 64 rounds in one hour and thirty minutes. Everything progressed smoothly, Reilly training at Barney Farley's, and Cannon taking his breathings at the Ocean House, on the race track, with Johnny Walker as mentor. Magisterial interference threatened to break off the affair at the last moment, Reilly being arrested at his quarters on the evening of Sunday, 24th ult., and taken into custody upon a charge of conspiracy. He was put under bonds in the sum of $2,000 to appear in the Police Court on the following morning, Con Mooney and Jas. Dobson being sureties. He did appear and was set loose by Judge Provines, his examination being postponed until the 27th, and instantly hurried down to the steamer Gypsy, lying at Vallajo street wharf, loaded with a party of "excursionists." Tickets were $2.50 a piece. The first demoralizing incident was the appearance of a party of eight policeman. A wail of despair was raised. It was thought that they would end the fight. An effort was made to get them to go ashore, but they declined to leave, and, after much earnest and some angry expostulation on the part of the king-pins of the expedition, it was resolved to start with them in company. In the meantime the price of tickets was reduced; a fresh crop of excursionists was secured at $2 per head; finally the gleanings were gathered in at $1 each, and the Gypsy cast off her lines.

INCIDENTS OF THE TRIP.

Two Whitehall boats, containing the principals, had started ahead of the steamer, and as she passed up the bay they came alongside with the intention of getting on board. The officers, however, were on the alert, and it was considered safest to let the boat drop astern, in tow of the steamers. At one time the officers attempted to take possession of the Whitehall boats along side the steamer, but the chap who had possession of it cut the hawser, eliciting rousing cheers from the crowd. Then again the police would read certain warrants aloud, and call upon the crowd to assist them, but their only response was in derisive yells and cat-calls. The boys on board kept up the excitement through impromptu mills, singing and dancing, and were about as lively and excited as is usually the case when going to a prize fight excursion. Warrants having been served upon the principal aiders and abettors of the fight, it was deemed safest to withdraw the stake money, and accordingly, in the presence of responsible witnesses, the money was given back to the original owners.

AT THE GROUND.

At about twenty minutes past two o'clock the steamer arrived at the place—a small cove directly opposite the "Two Sisters," in Marin county—and laid to about a quarter of a mile from shore. Here the liveliest scene of confusion ensued. The officers made several desperate attempts to get possession of the boats, in order that they might arrest the principals; but the shrewd boatmen were too much for them and kept a full boat's length from the steamer, now and then making a dart and taking on board those who were anxious enough to witness the fight at the risk of breaking their necks or getting a cold bath. Several eager individuals stripped and swam to the boats, while others did not take the trouble of doffing their garments, but leaped into the water, clothes and all. After about twenty unsuccessful attempts, the officers gave up the chase in disgust, and the greater portion of those on board were carried on shore. One boat, containing about twelve persons, was upset, but, after having floundered for several minutes in the water, they were all picked up and furnished with dry clothes.

THE RING

was pitched close to the shore in Marin county, about six miles northeast of San Rafael. It was the usual twenty-four foot square, pitched upon level ground. After the preliminaries had been arranged, the rumor came that Cannon refused to fight unless a stake of $200 was made up. It took exactly twenty minutes to raise the sum, and, no further obstacles being in the way, the men got themselves in readiness for the mill. At ten minutes past four o'clock, Reilly threw his castor in the ring and was greeted by loud huzzas from his friends. He was accompanied by Patsey Foy and Johnny Nyland, his valet-de-chambers. Cannon followed shortly afterward, having with him Patrick Murray and Hugh McLane. After some little parley, Lewis Burns was chosen referee and John Young time-keeper. The toss for corner was won by Reilly. Both men had chosen green and white for their colors. Time was called at twenty minutes past four o'clock, and the principals, accompanied by their seconds, came to the centre and gave the usual greeting.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The usual fancy sparring was done; both men danced around the ring *a la* Pepita, and showed their teeth like a Cossack after having ate a tallow candle; finally Cannon got in a lick on Reilly's digester, and the young Hero slipped and fell to the ground.

2. Both men got to work with a will. Some very heavy blows were passed on both sides, leaving, however, no marks. The round, a very short one, was ended by Cannon sending Reilly to look for worms with a very heavy blow.

3. Reilly sailed in with a "fortifier" on Cannon's bread basket, but was answered by a rather awkward pass on his mouth; when, in endeavoring to close in on his opponent, Reilly slipped and fell.

4. Here some new tactics were brought into play by Reilly, who rushed at his opponent with a double barreled blow, then clinched and threw him.

5. The mode *a la* Merrimac, inaugurated by Reilly in the last round, was kept up here. There was a tendency at "butting," which was not according to the rule, but, as it was understood to be a sort of free and easy fight, this was overlooked. At the close of this round Reilly closed in on his opponent, and, after some wrestling, threw him, falling on top himself.

6. It seemed as if Reilly got warmed up—he flew at Cannon, who went off his pins at a heavy blow. This was the neatest knock down so far.

7. Was a repetition of the former, and the same ineffectual firing on both sides was kept up for the next eight rounds. After the close of the fifteenth round some misunderstanding arose between Patsey Foy, Reilly and Patrick Murray, from Cannon's corner, which ended in Foy being sent to look for worms.

17. In this round Reilly had some heavy work. His first attack was on Cannon's mouth; the second on the left optic, over which he managed to cut the figure 7, causing the ruby to flow; thus giving him the first blood. The third and last was a dexterous upper cut, which sent Cannon over the ropes.

18. Cannon came to the centre with a rather awkward mark on his "phiz," yet looking fresh and sprucy. Reilly kept up his enticing smile, and landed a handsome butt on Cannon's digester, after which the Valparaiso hero slid down to avoid his opponent's blow.

19. Reilly kept up the same little game of rushing at Cannon and then going down to avoid punishment. While this may be considered a smart trick, it looked certainly as if he had the fear of Cannon's fists before his eyes. He resorted to this trick for the succeeding ten or twelve rounds, until stopped by the referee. There was very little variation in any of the succeeding rounds. Towards the fiftieth, Cannon grew weak, while Reilly seemed as fresh and spunky as at the start, and while the latter hardly showed a scratch, Cannon's face was pretty well muffled. At the 80th round it was plain that Cannon could not stand long the blows from his antagonist, who, at the call of time, would rush into the enemy's corner and send him to grass with a *sang froid* quite refreshing to every one but Cannon. It was, however, growing dark, and great noise and clamor prevailed, Cannon's friends claiming foul at every second round; and while there was no doubt that if the fight had continued half an hour longer it would have been won by Reilly, still there remained but one way open for the referee—that of declaring it a draw, which he very wisely did, after having witnessed 91 rounds fought within 1h. 35min.

THE RIGHT TO CARRY WEAPONS.—On the 27th ult., James Dobson, who was arrested on board the Riley-Cannon excursion boat Gypsey, for carrying a revolver concealed on his person and for using profane language, was arraigned before the police judge in San Francisco, Cal. In the latter case the prosecution was brought under a city ordinance, and upon a showing that the offence had been committed in Marin County, and without the jurisdiction of the police court of that city, the case was dismissed. The charge of carrying a concealed weapon was next called. The counsel for the defendant stated that his client did have the weapon on his person concealed, but that at the time of the arrest he was, within the meaning of the law, a traveler, and was actually engaged in making a journey, the boat having gone within the limits of Marin county; therefore he had a right to carry a weapon. The prosecution claimed that the defendant left the city for an illegal purpose, namely, to witness a prize fight, and that when he got on board the vessel he had no fixed destination; therefore he could not be a traveler within the meaning of the statute. The prosecution also claimed that the mere crossing of a county line was not a journey, nor was going on a prize fighting excursion, or on a pic-nic, a journey. Judge Provines decided that, the defendant having crossed from one county into another, became a traveler, no matter whether his departure from the city was for a lawful or unlawful purpose. Therefore he dismissed this case also.

A CARD FROM ED. HOWARD.—NORFOLK, NOV. 2, 1869.—FRANK QUEEN.—SIR.—In the CLIPPER, of Oct. 23d, there appeared an account of the fight between me and Billy Carroll, of Baltimore, in which your correspondent would make it appear that I was beaten on my merits, which is not correct. I will not trouble you with the details, further than to show you that the whole thing was carefully put up to have me defeated. It is well known that I offered fight Carroll on the ground when the Collyer and Doherty affair fell through; he declined then, but when his friends found that I had been imbibing rather freely for a number of days afterwards, they came to me about one o'clock on the morning of the fight and very liberally poured whiskey into me. Two hours afterwards they and my own friends (bless the mark!) announced to me that Carroll would fight me at 9 o'clock. I protested, remarking that I was not fit to fight. They insisted, saying that I was a coward; and under these circumstances I reluctantly consented to fight. It is not true that I am 144 lbs. weight. I never weighed 140 lbs. in my life; my weight in condition is 126 lbs. Ere long I shall give Carroll a chance of meeting me at the latter or catch-weight and I promise Carroll that I shall not be suffering from *delirium tremens*.

Yours, respectfully, EDWARD HOWARD.

HARRY HILL, proprietor of the Exchange, 26 East Houston street, was stabbed in the face by a fair but frail visitant of the establishment during an altercation which occurred on the night of the 8th. Fanny Kelly and two other girls, named Nelly Smith and Jenny Collins, were creating a disturbance in the concert room, and in attempting to put them out Harry was attacked by Fanny, who struck him twice in the face with a penknife, one of the wounds—on the right side, near the temple—being quite painful, but not at all dangerous. The women were arrested and locked up.

MARLEY AND DWYER.—Patsy Marley writes us a letter in refutation of the statements made by Jimmy Dwyer recently, wherein he declares Master James to be a "scrub" of the first water and says he is willing to prove it by a contest off-hand or with training, for satisfaction or money. Marley also takes occasion to say that he is now engaged in opening a valuable mine in Nevada and expects to "realize $150,000 if the bank proves as rich as the ledge now struck." How's that for high?

THE TURF.

AMERICAN TURF.

Trotting on the Fashion, Union and Prospect Park Courses, L. I.

During the past week great activity has prevailed among trotting men and the owners of fast horses, who are anxious to take advantage of the brief period that intervenes before the close of the trotting season. On Monday, Nov. 1st, two races came off at the Fashion Course. The first was a match for $500, between Mr. Crow's grey gelding Jack, in harness, and Mr. Smith's bay gelding Trenton (formerly called Stephen A. Douglas), to wagon, two mile heats. Trenton had the call in the betting, six to four being laid previous to the start, and one hundred to ten after the first heat. He took the lead in both heats as soon as the word was given, and led from start to finish, winning very easily in 5:46¼; 5:46¾. The second trot was for a sweepstakes of $600, mile heats, in harness, between T. Lynch's bay gelding Bull of the Woods; P. Garray's grey mare Jenny Lind, and Mr. Kane's grey gelding Grey Eagle. Bull of the Woods won in two heats, with ease, in 3:05; 3:05. Jenny Lind second in both.

Dissatisfied with the result of the race on the Union Course, L. I., on the previous Saturday, Dr. Ogle matched his bay gelding Red Rover against his conqueror, Capt. Leary's black mare Kate McGowan, for $500, mile heats, three in five, to go under saddle. It came off at Dubois' half mile track, on the Harlem Lane, and with the same result as before, Kate McGowan winning in three straight heats in 2:54; 2:53¾; 2:51.

On Wednesday, the 3d inst., a capital trotting race between five horses came off on the Fashion Course for an announced sweepstakes of $1,200 (!), mile heats, best three in five, in harness. Six were entered, but one of them, T. O'Conner's bl m Lady Wheeler, being withdrawn, left the race to the following five:—J. L. Hornbeck's chestnut gelding W. H. Taylor, M. Rodin's bay gelding Dresden, W. Saunders' bay gelding Western New York, P. Manee's grey gelding Mercer, and W. Brown's grey mare Lady Hamilton. W. H. Taylor was the favorite before the start over any of the others, and continued so after he had lost the first heat. After the second heat, which he won, he was backed against the field for even money, and when they started for the fourth heat $100 to $30 was bet on his winning the race. The first heat was won by two lengths and a half by Dresden, who made the best use of a good send off by opening a wide gap and retaining the lead throughout, winning in 2:30¾. W. H. Taylor and Western New York respectively second and third. The horses in the second heat were given a standing start, for the judges could not get them to score together. Taylor won it in 2:30, by two lengths, from Mercer, and $50 to $30 was laid on him when they scored for the third heat, which he won, after a fine race with Mercer up the home-stretch, by a length only. Time, 2:33½. Owing to the difficulty in getting off together for the fourth heat, darkness came on and it was impossible to distinguish the horses from the time they left the score to their return. W. H. Taylor came in first by a length, Dresden second and Lady Hamilton third—the former winning the race. No time was taken, for the judge could not see his watch.

On Thursday, the 4th inst., a sweepstakes of $800, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, was trotted for on the Fashion track. The horses were J. Doty's bay mare Topsy, J. Murphy's chestnut mare Louise, and W. Bora's brown gelding Old Put; the latter, however, did not start. The knowing ones were awfully taken in in this race, for they freely laid $100 to $30 on Louise. Topsy fairly outtrotted the favorite on the first heat, winning by half a length in 2:35. The betting now changed to $50 to $40 on Topsy, who won the second heat by a length in 2:34½, and the third heat and race by a head only, after a very close and exciting struggle, in 2:36.

On the same day (4th inst.) there was a public trotting day on the Prospect Park Course, for horses belonging to members that had never beaten three minutes, the winner receiving as a prize a wrested Afghan valued at $100. It was mile heats, best three in five, to wagons, and six out of the eight horses entered started. Six heats were required to decide it, the last being trotted in the dark. It was won by Samuel Jackson's b g Willie, beating T. Jackson's b m Virginia (who won the first and fourth heats), A. Rogers' b m Fisher Girl, S. Samoni's b g Harry, G. Hall's b m No Name, and Mr. Woodward's b m Annie Morris. Time, 2:41; 2:44½; 2:44; 2:48; 2:44; 2:44.

TROTTING AT MYSTIC PARK.—A series of races came off at this Medford (Mass.) park on the 2d and 3d inst., the proceeds accruing from which were devoted to the benefit of Messrs. Norcross, Woodruff and Bowen, the well known trainers and drivers. There were several hundred spectators present on each day, and the affair was a success financially. The opening race was a handicap, mile heats, best three in five, Emma taking the first heat and Capt. Lawrence the other three, Ida May third, Billy Button fourth and Jennie Spencer fifth. Time, 2:40, 2:39; 2:35½; 2:35. The next and principal race, on the afternoon of the 2d, was for double teams, mile heats, three in five. The contestants were Black Harry and Belle Strickland against Jessie Wales and Darkness. Four heats were trotted, the last named team taking the first and fourth and the other the second and third, when darkness compelled a postponement. Between the heats of the second race an impromptu sweepstakes trot came off between Kate, Lady Wilkes and Sorrel John, Kate winning in three straight heats. Time, 2:42½; 2:43; 2:45½. The first event on the 3d was the conclusion of the double team race, the fifth heat being taken by Harry and Belle, which gave them the race. Time, 2:41; 2:38; 2:39½; 2:38; 2:36. The next and final race was one of mile heats, three in five, in harness, between N. B. Palmer, Jessie Wales and McClellan, Jessie winning the second heat, while the other three fell to the portion of Palmer. Time, 2:34; 2:30; 2:33; 2:33.

SPORT AT WAVERLY PARK.—The fall meeting of the Waverly Park Trotting Association, of New Jersey, was held last week, commencing on the 3d inst., and concluding on the day following. The attendance was quite extensive. The first race, for a purse of $100, was won by James McKee's sorrel gelding Star in three straight heats. Time, 2:44; 2:36¾; and 2:41. The race was for all horses that had never beaten three minutes, and was won under protest, it being claimed that Star had made better time on several occasions before the race. The second race was

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Halls, Theatres, etc., to Rent.

For particulars see advertisements in the CLIPPER.

Altoona, Pa.—"Frank Rivers' Opera House"—R. A. O. Kerr & Co.
Johnstown, Pa.—"Frank Rivers' Opera House"—R. H. Meyers.
Erie, Pa.—"Academy of Music"—Wm. J. Sell & Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.—"Kavior Hall"—D. Kaplor.
Hartford, Conn.—"Roberts' Opera House"—W. W. Roberts.
Moline, Ill.—"Dunn's Hall"—Thomas Dunn.
Chicago, Ill.—"Library Hall"—John Robson.
Sparta, Wis.—"Greve's Opera House"—W. E. Briggs.
Battle Creek, Mich.—"Hewbitt's Opera House"—A. C. Hamblin.
Petroleum Centre, Pa.—"Sebel's Opera House"—S. Sobel.
Dayton, Ohio—"Huston Hall"—J. R. Huston.
Providence, R. I.—"Harrington's Opera House"—C. N. Harrington & Co.
Wellington, Ohio—"Franks' Hall"—H. B. Franks.
Dayton, Ohio—"Beckel Opera House"—J. S. Church.
Catskill, N. Y.—"Meech's Hall"—J. H. Meech.
Hartford, Conn.—"Allyn Hall"—T. M. Allyn.
Baltimore, Md.—"Concordia Opera House"—S. Sondershof.
Indianapolis, Ind.—"Metropolitan Hall"—W. H. Leake.
New Castle, Pa.—"Jefferson Hall"—Jas. B. McKee.
Rock Island, Ill.—"Negus Hall"—J. Negus.
Fort Plain, N. Y.—"Defeadorf Hall"—S. Kelker.
Peoria, Ill.—"Rouse's Opera House"—R. Rouse.
Cresent, N. Y.—"Centinental Hall"—C. Etheridge.
Rome, N. Y.—"Stark's Opera House"—A. J. Sink.
Bildford, Me.—"Shaw's Opera House"—Capt. Ivory Goodwin.
Mooretown, Ill.—"Harbin Hall"—C. Hardin.
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Reading, Pa.—"Keystone Opera House"—D. F. Lush.
East Saginaw, Mich.—"Metropolitan Hall"—J. L. Davis.
Yonkers, N. Y.—"Roome's Hall"—M. V. Roome.
Bowling Green, Ky.—"Odeon Hall"—Jas. F. Hackney.
Matteawan, N. Y.—"Mechanics' Hall—J. Clifton.
Auburn, N. Y.—"Casey Opera House"—Geo. Casey & Sons.
Wyandotte, Kansas.—"Dunning's Hall"—R. G. Dunning.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—"Academy of Music"—W. A. McGlurg.
Kansas City, Mo.—"Frank's Hall"—C. J. Frank.
Monmouth, Ill.—"Union Hall"—R. H. Schultz.
Johnstown, Pa.—"Union Hall"—R. W. Dunn.
Massillon, O.—"Opera House"—J. G. Bucher.
Knoxville, Tenn.—"Hoxie's Hall"—Jas. B. Hoxie.
Elmira, N. Y.—"Lunchill Hall"—S. T. Reynolds.

Theatrical Goods Dealers, Show Bill Printers, etc.

For particulars see advertisements in this issue of the CLIPPER.

Show Bill Printers.—J. E. Jackson, Ledger Job Office, Phil., Pa.
Clarry & Reilly, 12, 14 and 16 spruce st., N. Y.
W. H. Wade & Co., Eve. News Job Office, Richmond, Va.
Terry Brothers, 13 Spruce street, N. Y.
Wood Engravers.—Roylance & Purcell, 105 Nassau street, N. Y.
Alex. Graham, 88 Nassau street, N. Y.
Theatrical Goods.—Shannon, Miller & Crane, 46 Main Lane, N. Y.
R. S. Kent, 173 Bowery, N. Y.
Vanderlip & Taylor, 86 Bowery, N. Y.
Geo. S. Thurber, 129 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham, 21 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
Dazian, 403 Broome street, New York.
Theatrical Showwriters.—Somers & Nestrick, 270 Bowery, N. Y.
Hy. C. Tripple, 110 N. 5th st., Philad., Pa.
Jig and Clog Dancing.—Wm. J. Buckley, 578 Hudson street, N. Y.
Jno. Bogan, 106 E. Houston st., N. Y.
Musical Instruments.—Boosey & Co., 644 Broadway, N. Y.
Banjo.—Henry C. Dobson, 209 Bowery, N. Y.
John Bogan, as above.
Farnham & Buckley, 395 River street, Troy, N. Y.
Theatrical Agents.—Lowell & Simmonds, 639 Broadway, N. Y.
Thompson & Riggs, 512 Broadway, N. Y.
Davis & Co., Cincinnati, O.
John Hunkley, 636 Broadway, N. Y.
Jas. C. Burnett & Co., 149 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.
Bill Posters.—P. C. Backus, Erie, Pa.
Prismatic Lights.—McLaren & Putnam, 561 Broadway, N. Y.
Circus Tents, etc.—Martin & Fox, 114 Commercial st., Boston, Mass.
Scenic Artists.—L. W. Sawyer, 684 Broadway, N. Y.
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Magical Apparatus.—M. Hartz, 743 Broadway, N. Y.
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Songs for the People.

In this department we intend to give, either weekly or from time to time, as space will permit, original songs, composed expressly for the CLIPPER, comprising sentimental, comic, Ethiopian, etc., which our friends are at liberty to make use of, as we do not intend to copyright them. Of the series, below will be found

THAT GAL BY THE NAME OF McGEE.

Inscribed to my Old Friend, Frank Dumont.

I'll sing of a damsel so pretty and fair,
With her in beauty no gal could compare,
Such lovely eyes and such sweet curly hair
Had that gal by the name of McGee.
Her pa and her ma they were both mighty rich,
They'd to Avenue V;
The sports round the city were all deep in love
With that gal by the name of McGee.
Chorus.—But she cared for them not, etc.

But to shun them she'd take a fellow named Jones;
She sat on the end and he rattled the bones
In a nigger show 'round on Broadway.

To see him perform every night she would go;
The seat she would take would be in the front row;
Sweet scented boquets to him she would throw,
To let her dear know she was there.
In raptures she'd sigh o'er his comical songs—
Oh, my! what a night 'twas to see!
And loudly she'd laugh at his stale, played-out jokes,
Would that gal by the name of McGee.
Chorus.—But she cared for them not, etc.

They'd drive out each day with a two-forty team,
He'd treat her to juleps and strawberry cream;
How happy, contented and gay she would seem
As she'd tell her his tore o'er and o'er.
One day, as the pair were out riding in gay,
He asked if his wife she would be;
She blushed as she answered:—"My dearest, I'm thine."
Did that gal by the name of McGee.
Chorus.—But she cared for them not, etc.

To see her papa and to gain his consent
The pair of them straightway to her house then went;
To marry her lover she fully was bent,
No matter what others might say.
But the old man he kicked up a horrible row—
'Twas something that he couldn't see,
So he sent Mr. Jones for his life from the house,
And he locked up poor Susie McGee.
Chorus.—But she cared for them not, etc.

To all her entreaties the old man was deaf,
So Susie, quite stricken with sorrow and grief,
Resolved that in death she would soon find relief
And end all her woes here on earth.
That night, after writing a letter quite long
To the loved one she'd never more see,
She swallowed her waterfall, hair-pins and all,
Did that gal by the name of McGee.
Chorus.—But she cared for them not, etc.

DICK WEAVER.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Nov. 8th, 1869.

WE CANNOT call to mind a time when the city of New York presented such a variety of attractions for the amusement and edification of its permanent and floating population as may be seen, heard and otherwise enjoyed at present. Just let us enumerate the most noticeable for you, gentle reader, as they will be exhibited this evening, in the month of November, when the melancholy days are supposed to have come, "the saddest of the year":—The old Bowery—age before beauty, you must remember—raises its *curtain* on Harry *Curtaine* and a new sensational drama of "Not Guilty."—Niblo's gives its patrons a prize in its little *Lotta*-ry, and introduces mammoth audiences to "Little Nell and the Marchioness."—At Wallack's, Mr. Lester Wallack will be at *Home* for the first time this season in Robertson's comely comedy of "*Home*."—At Lent's Circus twenty real, live *Bedouin* Arabs will *be doin' a rare bit* of pyramidical acrobatism, under peculiar *horse pieces*.—At Tony Pastor's, the smiling, jocund face of the manager can be *nightly* seen in conjunction with Polly *Daly*. This is the house where they are never disturbed for *playing Poole*.—The San Francisco Minstrels will show you "The Bosses of the Ring," and otherwise produce the true *ring* of genuine Ethiopian humor and music's pensive *knell*.—At the Olympic *poor humanity* may see its counterpart on the stage in the shape of F. W. Robinson's new drama of "Poor Humanity," with a Holston's *weight* added to the cast.—At *Wood's*, where the wild beasts are *roaming* about in their cages, Yankee Robinson will make his *debutical* (to coin a word) bow before the free and untarnished citizens of the metropolis.—At Bryant's, Daniel is doing the "Live Injin" with considerable *ingenuity*, and at the same time buzzing a good deal about the flies bothering him. Dave *Reed*, who helps him to "shoo flies," is a trusty *Reed* to lean upon.—At Tammany they are kicking up quite a *bobbery* with Little *Bob* and the Hanlons, the latter *hand along* the little chap as though he wasn't nothin', as "Our Jim" would say. Their "Great Act" is a regular "sky scraper," as base ballers would call it.—At the Waverley, manager *White* manages to *Co* his *black* business with all the wits and colored polish of the olden time. Betty *Rigi* continues to *wriggle* in her fancy dances, etc.—At Booth's Theatre, "Mary Warner" continues to *warn* a sympathetic audience against the sandy ground which too often leads to unnecessary strife and sorrow in the domestic circle, and Miss Bateman is the acting teacher.—At the Theatre Comique, *Morris* is doing Richard Third *Dutch*, and no *more is* necessary to be said on that score. It might be added that dancing, singing, and all sorts combine to make the Theatre Comique the Catacombs—otherwise Academy intended to lose another fortune in an effort to resuscitate Italian Opera, supposing it ever had any life in it. The great object of interest is said to be the man who executes the *ut de poitrine*, if the unclassical portion of opera goers know what that is. "Our Jim" says that's so; he's been there.—Oliver *Dyer*, the "Wickedest Man," is a *liver* in the flesh again, and lecturing on "How to Escape Hell." Oliver has traveled and gone through a great deal, but we didn't think he had gone through *that* place. "Our Jim" says that Dyer must be *awful* wicked when they wouldn't let him remain *there*, and suggests that as *Oliver* seems to have been *all over* the place, this *Dyer* should give us his own experience.—In the meantime, the ignorant but invaluable reader will, by the aid of the italicised words, be enabled to pick out many sparkling gems, and perhaps perceive the germs of others. We have endeavored to make everything clear and above-board, but if, by some untoward circumstances, the learned but bereaved reader should fail to get at the pith of the, the, what-yer-callems, we shall be happy to explain in person..... Thinking about the young girl who recently got scorched at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, while prancing near the footlights, our poetic muse conjured up a few lines of verse, which we herewith present for the benefit of our careless readers:

OUT OF THE FIRE.

Disciples of Thespis your minds we engage,
While we bid you be careful in treading the stage—
For should you too close to the footlights advance,
Of getting on fire you stand a good chance;
To be in a *light* blaze is not, we declare,
A very *light* matter, so actors beware.

.....We are now going to tell you a funny little thing which recently took place in Washington, D. C., and which is vouched for by a professional voucher, whose regular election vouching business being over, he is at liberty to vouch for any and everything; we have every liberty to believe the story to be true, however. This is how it was:—A gentleman from the rural districts presented himself at the box office of the National Theatre, one evening, while the Lydia Thompson Troupe were performing there, and when the evening was the burlesque of the "Forty Thieves." Slowly unwinding about a yard of red tape from one of those indescribable leather half-purse, half-wallet contrivances that nobody but a countryman was ever known to possess, the verdant visitor pushed a dollar bill to the ticket seller, quietly remarking as he did so:—

"I think I'll see this here show, jedge."

"Orchestra?" said the ticket-seller, inquiringly.

"I don't keer," says country, without the faintest suspicion as to what the word "orchestra" meant.

The indefatigable agent wisked away the money, and slapped down a ticket on the little board, in front of the pigeon-hole, with that marvelous celerity which is only acquired by long practice; at the same time repeating the customary "All right, sir; pass to the left if you please."

But country did not pass to the left, not a bit of it; he wanted "change." Not having seen in the whole course of his life an exhibition where more than twenty-five cents was the charge, he was in expectation of receiving seventy-five cents change. The ticket agent explained to him—in that awfully official voice that all theatrical people are supposed to possess—that one dollar was the usual price; and, to prove his assertion, took up a bill of the performance, whereon he pointed out to his customer the printed rates of admission, and the announcement in conspicuous type, "50 Thieves."

"Look here, squire, this is the forty thieves, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, you kin jist take and keep that ere ticket, for I don't think I keer to see the other thirty-nine!"

.....Somebody says that somebody has invented a piano to be played by the *feet*. We should think it would be considerable of a *feat* to play such an instrument..... In one of the published reminiscences of Mendelssohn, the man of music, it is said that he could do everything on the organ but one, and that was to play an audience out of church; that the more he played the less they were inclined to go. Well, we see nothing remarkable in that; who in the world ever liked the idea of being *played out?*

.....And talking about men of music, we are told that Auber is writing a new opera, which, he says, shall be his last. We suppose, by that, he doesn't expect to *last* himself much longer..... And now, beloved lambs, having said all that we can think of, of a funny character, we purpose getting James to do a little of the labor on this department. "Jimmy, how is she to-day?" "Oh, *she's* all right now the election's over; I never did see her do much in our line at 'lection times—I think she gits too much greasin' just afore election day, and she hain't fit for narthin but to grind out falsehoods, and fabrications, and crushin' brush to earth, and nallin' lies to the counter, and such; but that's all done now; and I don't intend to lend her out any more." "Well, if you think she can give us something about 'the hard-fisted sons of toil,' in the innocent pursuit of recreation, let her go." "She kin do it, you may jist bet yer last dollar yer got for puffin' up that acter chap. Look out now—she's peert this mornin'. Go *long*, will yer."

THE GLORY OF THE GODS.

All day I pound the glowing bar,
Or shove the cheery plane,
But when my hour is up I bie
To where my idols reign;
And when the prompter's bell is heard,
All in the upper row,
I crouch and gaze on beauties that
Before me come and go.

Perhaps I seek the eastern side,
And in the Bowery pit
Watch plump Kate Fisher on her steed,
As young Mazeppa flit;
Or pause at Tony Pastor's, where
With fun I fill my keg,
Or spark De Rosa, for they say
She flings a hefty leg!

Perhaps it is the Waverly
Puts out the strongest bill,
Where I can sit and quiz the nymphs
Of *ballet* at my will,
And hear the sweetest syrens sing
In hunkry dorey style—
For on the dartings of the day
I'm bound to go my pile.

How hard it is at night to pass
The *Opera Comique*
Where for a trifling sum you may
Have all the sport you seek;
Where Taylor is himself a host,
And Morris' hands doth win,
And Venturelli's dancing draws,
With posturing thrown in.

Should I for what the *quil nunes* call
Sensation be hard pushed,
I seek Olympic's classic heights
And "Humanity" rush;
Or else at Niblo's I drop in
Where Firefly Lotta glows,
And with her *petite* charms distracts
One half the bearded beaux.

But most I glory when I'm booked
For Tammany—that's the place,
Where you may see those Hanlon boys—
The acrobats whose grace
Takes down the best that others do
All in the leaping line,
And pretty Alice Harrison
With other nymphs doth shine.

And then the Lauris, with their tricks
In merry pantomime,
And little Bobby who excites
Our tears by feats sublime,
Though with his diabolic ways
He doth some folks amuse,
Yet with his fearful feats aloft
My senses doth confuse.

I know it's gallus for to sit
In Booth's big upper tier,
When that young son of genius plays
Such parts as poor old King Lear;
Or, as King Richard with his hump,
Doth cause the fur to fly,
And with his Hamlet makes the girls
By turns to sob and cry;

Or Bateman draws the tasty town,
"Moll Warner" for to see—
It's all in order for the nobs,
But waricty for me!
Your sermons may do very Well
For them that feels the need,
But I'd rather see Wood's Museum shew
Than all the plays they read.

I can for hours sit and watch
The fascinating play
Of feldonees fair on Tammany,
And almost melt away
When from her rosy lips proceed
Such soft enchanting tones,
But when it comes to melody,
Give me the clashing bones!

And some rare like to drowse away
A whole November night,
When them "old comedies" is on
At Wallack's—p'raps they're right;
But, as for me, I goes for fun,
And wants my money's worth,
And, to my mind, the fourth tier front's
The snuggest place on earth!

City Summary.

THE HANLON COMBINATION, consisting of George, William, Edward, Alfred and Frederick Hanlon, and their pupils, Julian, Francois and "Little Bob," opened an engagement at the Tammany on the 1st inst. Their great feature was a new aerial performance called "Their Great Act," and we scarcely know how to apply words sufficiently explanatory to convey a correct idea of this marvelously artistic performance. The apparatus upon which it takes place consists of two slender iron parallel bars, each thirty feet long, suspended from the dome twelve feet, and about forty feet from the orchestra, directly over the musicians. There are four iron cross braces made use of for different combinations in the performances. Hanging from each end of these parallel bars is a small trapeze bar, eighteen inches long, from which hang, head downwards, Frederick and Alfred Hanlon. There are also pendant slings, fifteen inches long, at each end, into which Frederick and Alfred hang by the calf of their legs. These slings are placed five feet from each end, by which contrivance the performers are enabled to vary their feats. The space between the two long parallel bars is twenty inches. About eighteen feet from the centre these bars have movable laps, upholstered, and so made that they can be turned up when the night is made through these bars. When these upholstered laps are in their proper places they are used by "Little Bob" for the purpose of holding himself, as he is thrown from one extreme end to the other. From the dome to each side of the parallel bars are two wires for supporting the bars, while only a few feet from the dome is a cross bar, from which "Little Bob" takes his flight. This is as correct a description of the apparatus as can be given on paper without a diagram. The different feats performed are as follows:—Frederick and Alfred Hanlon and Little Bob descend from an aperture in the dome of the theatre by means of a rope to the parallel bars. Frederick and Alfred hang head downwards by the small trapeze bar suspended at each end of the apparatus, while Little Bob stands upon the frame work, and at the word "go" from Frederick, he springs down through the aperture in the apparatus, and while oscillating is caught by Frederick by the wrists, with a nicety of calculation far exceeding anything ever before required in a flying trapeze act. Little Bob is then launched out into the air, traversing the space of thirty feet, and, turning a somersault, is caught at the other extreme end of the bar by Alfred. This feat is repeated several times, the boy being thrown from one brother to the other. In addition to this, as Little Bob is caught by the wrists by Frederick, he oscillates on the trapeze, throws Little Bob into the air, who turns a complete somersault, and is caught first by the legs and afterwards by the hands. The climax to this wonderfully startling performance is as follows:—Alfred perches Little Bob upon the small bar, a few feet from the dome, and situated in a perpendicular line exactly midway of the framework below. The upholstered laps on the bars are then turned over, giving an open space of twenty inches. Frederick Hanlon attaches himself to one of the small pendant trapeze bars, at the extreme end of the apparatus, head downwards. At a given signal Little Bob leaps from the high bar, passes through the parallel bars obliquely, and in his descent is caught by Frederick, who commenced oscillating at the instant the word "Go" was given. The distance that Little Bob jumps from the bar until he is caught is from eighteen to twenty feet. This is the *denouement*, and so much enthusiasm has seldom been heard in any place of amusement as has been created every evening by crowded audiences. The act is one of the most startling ever before attempted by any living gymnast. Singular to state, there was not the slightest hitch or mishap through the entire performance the first night; since the first night, however, Little Bob has met with some falls, but as there is a large net spread beneath the apparatus no harm can occur to any one falling. In addition to this act, the Hanlon Brothers appeared for the first time in public in a new act with conical hats, which is very amusing and is cleverly done. Their pupils Francois, Julian and Victor ("Little Bob") appeared in an act called "Poses Plastique."

E. C. H. MILLER, father of Henry C. and W. Christie Miller, died in this city on Oct. 4th of dropsy.

CLARA JENNINGS closed her engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on the 13th inst., and will appear in the leading *role* of "London" at the French Theatre on the 10th inst. Rose Eytinge was originally secured for it, but in consequence of her sudden marriage broke her engagement.

RITA SANGALLI closed her engagement at Wood's Museum on the 6th inst. At her benefit on the 5th she had a good house, and, in addition to being presented with several magnificent floral tributes, was the recipient of a valuable diamond ring.

YANKEE ROBINSON makes his first appearance in this city as a Yankee comedian this evening, at Wood's Museum, in the character of Darius Dutton, in the drama of that name, supported by Olivia Rand as Sally Scrubbins and Rosa Rand as Mary Gillborn. This piece is announced for every evening and at Saturday *matinee*, while in the afternoon "Nicholas Nickleby" will be presented, with Rosa Rand as Smike, Olivia Rand as Mad. Mantilini, W. J. Fleming as Nicholas, and George Charles as Squeers. Miss Clells and J. J. Howson have been engaged for operatic specialties, and will follow Yankee Robinson as the star. The several cages of wild animals placed on exhibition on the 1st inst. are attracting considerable attention. They are all young and fine specimens of the animal kingdom. Charles Woodroff and Prof. Nichols are at the Museum day and evening glass blowing.

W. H. LINGARD has been booked to open at the Grand Opera House, in this city, on Dec. 13th, for two weeks, with his burlesque company, lately performing in Boston. Mr. Lingard will keep his engagement unless circumstances prevent.

GEORGE BUTLER, connected with the press of this city, he of the Alex. Henderson *emeute* during the Lydia Thompson excitement, was married in this city week before last to Rose Eytinge, the actress, and she has retired from the stage. This lady accompanies her husband to Calcutta, shortly, he having been appointed by the President Consul General to the British East Indies, with headquarters in Calcutta.

SENORITA MARIA CORTEZ, the *prima donna*, who lately arrived from South America, and who met with so little favor at her *debut* at Steinway Hall, has returned to South America.

MAD. MOQERSCHA, who lately arrived in this country from Europe, and made her *debut* as a pianist, returned to England by the Russia.

LESTER WALLACK makes his first appearance this season at his theatre this evening in Robertson's comedy of "Home," also in the farce of "A Regular Fix," the latter piece being a favorite of his and in which he has gained considerable popularity. Mr. Wallack will appear every evening this week (excepting Saturday) and at Saturday's *matinee*. On Saturday "Henry Dunbar" will be presented.

THE PERSIAN ARABS, who opened at the New York Circus on the 1st inst., continue this week. Business keeps very good at this place.

MR. C. W. TAYLEURE commences a season at the French Theatre on the 10th inst. with the production of a new romantic and spectacular drama entitled "London," in which will appear F. C. Bangs, J. Lewis Baker, E. Righton, G. F. Devere, H. B. Phillips, Mrs. A. Hind, C. T. Parsloe, Jr., A. Fitzgerald and others.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE offers for its principal cards this week Josephine Lusuarde, *danseuse;* Robert Nickle, prestidigitateur; Johnny Hart, Add Ryman and Young Morrissey. C. E. Collins was granted permission to leave after the performance of Nov. 3d, as he was not on hand in time for his first act at the *matinee* of that day. Business is excellent at this house.

BUSINESS with the theatres appears to have taken a sudden change all at once. Two weeks ago a majority of them were doing a very bad business, and last week there was not a single place of amusement that was not only largely attended, but most of them crowded. Saturday night, 6th inst., was a regular holiday night in the way of attendance. The Theatre Comique was filled in every part; Niblo's Garden was densely crowded; the San Francisco Minstrels had an audience that filled every seat in the hall; the Olympic had a good house for the last performance of "The Streets of New York;" the Waverley was comfortably filled; Wallack's was good; the Circus had a placard out "Standing Room Only;" Bryant's Minstrels was so crowded that it was difficult to move about the hall, and a great many left unable to get in; the Tammany never had a greater number of people within its four walls and the act of the Hanlons was received with thunders of applause; Tony Pastor's Opera House was uncomfortably full and crowned away; the Old Bowery was also crowded; from the fourth tier to the parquet there was not a vacant seat visible. What has been the cause of this sudden turn of good luck for the managers we cannot say, unless it is that the election excitement is over and the people find a relief in visiting our theatres, etc. While some of the places are offering a better entertainment, others are giving the same kind as throughout the bad times.

CHARLEY WHITE is presenting the patrons of the Waverley with a most enjoyable evening's amusement in the variety line. He has secured Betty Rigi, a very pleasing *danseuse;* the Delevanti Brothers, two clever gymnasts; Herr Holtum, Jenny Clifford, J. D. Roome; besides a number of good Ethiopian comedians. G. C. Davenport appeared, the past week, in Irish farces and did well. He is a good Irish comedian, with a clever brogue, and dances a jig in a manner that pleases all.

WILLIAM CARLETON, the Irish vocalist, who appeared at the Tammany the past week, continues there. He was well received, receiving from three to four *encores* each evening. French's educated dogs also remain. They are very well trained specimens of the canine fraternity, and do their different acts in a pleasing manner.

MAX MARETZEK commenced his season of Italian Opera, on the 3d inst., at the Academy of Music, when "Il Trovatore" was given, introducing, for the first time to the American public, Mme. Briol as Leonora, and Sig. Lefranc as Manrico. The lady is of pleasing face and a good voice, but was entirely lost sight of by the enthusiasm bestowed upon the tenor, Lefranc, who possesses a voice very pleasing at times, but it is not one of those voices that you can depend upon, for it was frequently quite husky. He reached the high C chest note with apparent ease, and the enthusiasm with which it was received equals anything of the kind we have ever heard bestowed upon any tenor.

MOE AND GOODRICH, skaters; Ada Franklin, vocalist; and Charles L. Howard, Ethiopian comedian, are the fresh attractions at Tony Pastor's Opera House this week. Wallace and Wood, the two grotesque performers who have been performing at this establishment the past few weeks, are very clever and versatile. They appeared dressed in tight-fitting merino tights and shirts, similar to a clown's dress, which is not very attractive, owing to the horrible ugly color worn by Wallace, and he being rather a thin man, it makes him anything but a pleasing figure. Their first act is a solo by one on a miniature trumpet, while the other plays the accompaniment on a miniature melodeon. They then give imitations on two violins of a bagpipe, after which one plays on a cornet and the miniature melodeon, while the other performs on the cornet, plays a cauliflower in his hand, and with his left foot plays a triangle that is affixed to a framework on the stage. Their finish is the comic double-trick violin act.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING" is announced for production at the Fifth Avenue Theatre this evening, and every evening during the week, excepting Thursday and Saturday *matinee*, when "As You Like It" will be presented. On the 15th instant Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau makes her *debut* here in "Caste." Clara Jennings has closed her engagement at this house.

HARRY COURTAINE, an actor well known in San Francisco, Cal., and who has lately arrived from the "Pacific Slope," is announced to open at the Old Bowery Theatre this evening as a comic vocalist. Watts Phillips' drama of "Not Guilty" is to be performed; also the pantomime of "Busy Bob Butler," with Robert Butler as clown. Business was very good at this house the past week, and Robert Butler's pantomimes have been received each evening with shouts of laughter. He is a good clown and understands how to please his audiences.

MISS BATEMAN'S engagement at Booth's Theatre is fast drawing to a close. She is now in her eighth and last week but two. "Mary Warner" continues the attraction, and is nightly witnessed by appreciative audiences. "Enoch Arden," a most excellent dramatization by Mr. Matthison, was withdrawn on the 6th, after enjoying seven Saturday night performances. On Saturday night of this week, Palgrave Simpson's domestic drama of "Time and the Hour" is to be presented.

"CHARLES O'MALLEY" is in the fourth and last week of its successful performance at the Grand Opera House. On the 15th inst. the Richings English Opera Troupe open a four weeks engagement, presenting, on the initial night, "Maritana." This troupe have been favorably received wherever they have appeared, and as the Direction have given an English opera at an admission price that is popular and within the reach of all, there is no reason why the troupe ought not to be successful. The *repertoire* of this troupe is a very large one, embracing all operas that have ever been given in English, and to which they have lately added that of "The Huguenots," which will be sung during this engagement for the first time in English in this country.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS have never before played to such large audiences in this city as have been in attendance nightly the past week. The hall has not only been crowded every evening, but, on several occasions, hundreds have been turned away, unable to obtain a chance to stand. "Shoo Fly" is the great card now, and it is the talk of the town. Not to see this act by Dan Bryant and Dave Reed is to miss a treat in the way of the ludicrous.

DAN. DALY has in preparation at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, Oliver Logan's play of "Surf" and Matilda Heron's drama of "Pearl."

P. S. GILLMORE, the Musical Jubilee projector, returned from Europe the past week.

OLE BULL has telegraphed to this city from Europe that he will arrive here on or before the 15th inst.

MR. JEROME HOPKINS' concerts for the Orphean Free Choir School and Society Fund will commence this evening, 8th, one entertainment being given each month.

KATE FIELD delivers her lecture "Out in the Woods" at Steinway Hall on the 9th inst.

CHARLES FURBISH, of Bidwell's Dramatic Company, was in this city on the 8th inst.

THE LOWANDE FAMILY have arrived in this city from California.

THE SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION of fancy pigeons, fowls and singing birds takes place at 956 Broadway from the 8th to 13th of Nov.

BEN MAGINLEY arrived in this city on the 2d inst., after his summer's tour with Bailey's Menagerie and Circus.

THAT ROLLICKSOME LOTTA opened an engagement at Niblo's Garden, on the 1st inst., presenting John Brougham's dramatization of Dickens' novel of "Old Curiosity Shop," called "Little Nell, the Marchioness," and notwithstanding it was the night before election, when theatres are generally poorly attended, she had a crowded house to greet her, and, what is still a greater proof of her popularity, there was a large audience present on Tuesday evening, the great excitement attending the election of that day not tending to injure her business. Since the second night this large theatre has not only been densely crowded from the orchestra to the gallery, but there has scarcely been an available standing point to be had after the raising of the curtain. Such houses have not been witnessed since the "Black Crook" excitement, and the enthusiasm that has been manifested has been of the heartiest kind. Lotta's brusque, devil-may-care style of acting, together with her medleys, banjo solos, songs and dances, similar to the minstrel boys, and clog dancing, have made a great hit, and received from three to four *encores* each evening. This piece was originally produced at Wallack's Theatre, this city, during Lotta's summer engagement there, Aug. 14, 1867. Edward Coleman and J. W. Williamson were the original Quilp and Dick Swiveller. In the present cast at Niblo's Mr. Coleman appears as Quilp and Felix Vincent as Swiveller. Mr. Coleman is undoubtedly one of the best character actors at present on the American stage, and his conception and acting of the character of Quilp prove him to be an artist. Mr. Vincent's Swiveller did not please us, nor was it as satisfactory a performance as that of Mr. Williamson's. First impressions are said to have great weight in a characterization, but not so in this instance, as Mr. Vincent's performance of the *role* up to the last act was stilted and uneven, and without that free and easy manner in which it was rendered by Mr. W. In the last act Mr. Vincent partly redeemed himself, for in the duett with Lotta, and the dancing, he was very good and acted with considerable spirit. With the exception of this character and that of Mrs. Brass, the piece is exceedingly well cast and capitally performed. Lotta appears the same frisky little actress as of yore, playing with a perfect *abandon* and in a manner that charms all who see her. In the Fair Scene, which is well placed upon the stage, Lotta does a song and dance of "Little Nell the Belle," and for an *encore* another one called "Going to the Matinee," finishing with a clog dance. In the last act, for a final *encore*, she gives "Shoo Fly" in a spirited manner, assisted by Felix Vincent. The song was received each evening with great applause, and Lotta has had to come out three to four times. The engagement of this little star, who has proved herself here, as well as wherever she has been, to be one of the brightest—pecuniarily speaking—in the profession, bids fair to prove the most profitable played at this establishment in a long time.

THE ENTERTAINMENT presented the past week by the San Francisco Minstrels was a varied and most enjoyable one. The first part was replete with the eccentricities of Birch and Backus, the enders, while the singing of David Wambold, Ira Paine and Oberist was very pleasing. The "Tyrolean Song" of Oberist was well rendered. The ballad of "When the Corn is Waving, Annie Dear," was beautifully sung by Mr. Wambold and deservedly *encored*. The melody is pleasing and the words are such as appeal to the sympathies of an audience. Ira Paine sang "Out in the Streets" in a manner that elicited hearty applause. This gentleman possesses a good voice and he knows how to use it. Birch's song of "The Dry Goods Clerk" and Backus' song of "Bye Words of the Day" were all good and each received an *encore*. The jokes brought forth by these two worthies are very laughable and the audience are kept in the best possible good humor. In the olio Johnny Queen did the "Broadway Dancing Master" well, while John Mulligan and Billy West provoke the heartiest applause of the evening by their performance on the bones. Mulligan is a singing of Robin Ruff gave a capital imitation, both in voice and manner, of J. L. Carncross. Lesget and Allen, the

enthusiasm which incessantly prevailed, he has lost some of the fire and quick, electric sympathy which made him so popular years ago. But the [illegible] in which he keeps his audience is not Mr. Collins' chief merit. His delineation of character is superb. There is a genial open-heartedness about all he says and does that irresistibly engages the sympathies of an audience. They cannot help liking him and admiring his characters. But it was reserved for the opening of "Widow Machree" to raise the enthusiasm of the audience unrestrainedly. Seldom has the walls of the old theatre echoed to such tumultuous applause; nor were the manifestations of approval scarcely less great when his chorus song of "Drink Deep, my Boys," was given. Mr. Collins is handsomely supported by an excellent stock company, in the leading lady of which we are pleased to notice an old-time favorite in New Orleans, and most accomplished actress, Miss Alice Gray."

A LEADING MAN or star and a utility lady are wanted for Webster's Olympic Theatre, Albion, N. Y. See advertisement.

DAVIS AND CO., dramatic agents, Cincinnati, O., insert in another column a number of advertisements to which we refer managers and the profession.

EDWIN FORREST closed an engagement of five nights at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, on Nov. 5th. This week he appears in Erie and Elmira, under the management of the Messrs. Meech Brothers, of the Academy of Music, with the exception of Nov. 10th, when he returns to Buffalo to perform "Hamlet."

W. HORACE LINGARD is in want of two comedians and a leading man for his company. See his advertisement.

MR. AND MRS. HARRY WATKINS continue at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore.

DOLLIE RIDWELL intends making a starring tour during the season of 1869-70, and managers desiring to avail themselves of her services can do so by addressing her as per card elsewhere.

HERNDON AND LESLIE'S COMPANY closed in Montpelier, Vt., on the 6th instant, on which occasion Miss Ida Leslie was the recipient of a complimentary benefit. The bill was "Camille" and "Sedan Thoughts."

SAM RYAN, the Irish comedian, opened at the Richmond, Va., Theatre on the 1st instant. Our correspondent, "J. R. R.," says:—"Each evening, for the past week, sparkling comedies and amusing farces or a popular play have been represented, which, together with excellent acting, have served greatly to please the theatre-goers, who nightly greeted the fast becoming favorites with prolonged applause. On Nov. 1, 'Married Life' and 'Irish Assurance;' 2d, 'Everybody's Friend' and 'Irish Tutor;' 3d, 'Blow for Blow;' 4th, 'Home' and 'Married Life,' and 5th, 'The Lancashire Lass,' were played to fair business. The characters assumed by Mr. Ryan were well played, but it was apparent that he is not so well in high comedy as in low comedy. His Irish impersonations were capital, and although his other characters were good, they were not up to what might have been expected from him. His Henry Dove in 'Married Life' was a little too studied. Nevertheless, in all the roles he played he was cordially greeted. May Saville was hailed with continual plaudits; she is an excellent little actress and a great favorite here. For a stock lady she is exceedingly good, displaying in 'Married Life' and 'Blow for Blow' talent of a high order, and the audience manifested their appreciation of her acting with applause. The management also introduced to the audience Alice Holland, a sprightly young comedienne, who plays naturally and well, and who received her full share of applause. Miss Alexander also appeared each evening to the satisfaction of her numerous friends. She is a young lady, of considerable beauty and talent; she seems rather a novice in the profession, and consequently is a little lackadaisical; with a little care and study, she will no doubt make a popular actress. Mrs. Germon, as the old woman, was splendid. The gentlemen have improved greatly since I saw them last. This evening (Nov. 8), 'The Lancashire Lass' was given for the benefit of Mr. Ryan to a fair house. The acting was good."

MCKEE RANKIN was at the Indianapolis, Ind., Theatre the past week. He appeared in "Enoch Arden," "Formosa," and "Lancashire Lass."

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Albany, N. Y., "The Lancashire Lass" was produced on the 1st, with George C. Boniface as "A Party in the Name of Johnson."

THE GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., papers, of Nov. 4th, speak of McKean Buchanan's company as follows:—"Miss Laura Paige's rendering of the character of Queen Gertrude is a magnificent and finished piece of acting, in which she looked every inch a queen. The manner in which Miss Kate Browning presented the character of Ophelia seemed perfection itself, and leaves criticism no office to perform. The poor crazed girl's wild wanderings of mind might touch a heart of stone. Geo. W. Howard, as the grave digger, was irresistibly comic. As Lady Macbeth, Miss Laura Paige displayed great skill in acting, together with an intimate knowledge of the character. Her beauty, careful and correct action and splendid costume made her a general favorite. George W. Howard, first witch, showed much strength in that part, and is a very promising actor."

ANNA MORRIS AND J. E. NAGLE closed in Omaha on Oct. 30th, and opened in St. Joe, Mo., on the 1st inst., and were to go thence to Leavenworth and Kansas City. A correspondent, writing from Omaha on Nov. 4th, says:—"At the Academy of Music Anna Morris and Joseph E. Nagle appeared in 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Fra Diavolo,' on Oct. 29th, Miss Morris playing Romeo, Nagle Mercutio and Miss Cappell Juliet. As Romeo, Miss Morris far excelled the expectations of her warmest admirers, while Nagle was in his happiest vein as the rollicking, gay Mercutio. Miss Cappell as Juliet evinced a perfect knowledge of the requirements of her part, and played with ease and grace. The *beneficiaires* and Miss Cappell were several times honored with calls before the curtain. 'Nocnise' was repeated on Oct. 30th, when Nagle appeared in the title *role*. On the 1st inst., a full house greeted the first appearance of Joseph Proctor in this city, when he appeared as the Jibbenainosey in 'Nick of the Woods.' Mr. Proctor made a 'hit,' and repeated the character on the 2d. 'Ambition' was produced on the 3d. The Ethelwood of Proctor and the Catherine Howard of Miss Cappell were well sustained, and held the interest of the audience to the end. E. F. Clarke deserves special mention for his make-up and acting of Henry the Eighth. It is a matter of note that the scenery and mountings of the stage excel those of any previous season, and reflect credit upon Manager Corri and the skill and taste of J. H. Hurst, the artist, and G. W. Mitchell, stage manager.....George M. Ciprico, the Shakesperean reader, is at present in this city, having returned from an extended tour through Utah, Nevada, Wyoming and California."

A. L. COOKE, character and burlesque actor, advertises that he can be engaged.

MARIETTA RAVEL appears with her company in Penn Yan, N. Y., on the 8th, 9th and 10th inst.

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS plays at the Boston Theatre, opening on Dec. 13th, and at the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, on Dec. 27th.

MLLE. SANGALLI, with a large *ballet* troupe, including Von Hamm's Paganini on other celebrated *danseuses*, will shortly start from this city under engagement to Thomas Maguire, of the Opera House, San Francisco.

JOHN E. OWENS terminated his St. Louis engagement at De Bar's Opera House on Nov. 6th, and is followed this week by the Williamsos.

ELISE HOLT closed a good engagement at the Olympic, St. Louis, on the 6th, and this week Mrs. D. P. Bowers is the star, supported by J. C. McCollom.

Musical.

THE SECOND WEEK OF THE PAREPA ROSA TROUPE in Chicago commenced at the Opera House on Nov. 1st, when "Fra Diavolo," was given. Our correspondent "Amusement" says:—"The music of the opera was satisfactorily sung. Rose Hersee sung charmingly and ingratiated herself into the good opinion of the public. In the first part of the second act she introduced the 'Carnival of Venice,' and displayed excellent execution. The song was received with enthusiasm. Mr. Nordblom sang his melodies well, giving an especial charm to the serenade song. As the character of Fra Diavolo is only the second that he has assumed, he deserves much credit for his representation. Mr. and Mrs. Seguin were, as they always are, good in the laughable characters of Lord and Lady Allcash, and their personations were received with much favor. Mr. Campbell's Beppo was well acted, but his singing was not up to his usual standard from the effects of a severe cold. The orchestral and choral music of the opera was given with its customary precision. On the 2d 'Martha' drew the largest house that has been seen there since Miss Kellogg's concert. Every seat was occupied, and the lobbies filled with standees. The cast was excellent, and the opera was placed upon the stage in a creditable manner. Parepa was in excellent voice, and the manner in which she gave 'The Last Rose of Summer' was much applauded. Castle was excellent. His rendering of the beautiful air of 'Lost, Proscribed' was one of the gems of the evening. The other *roles* were creditably taken by the company. His performance was the most enjoyable and highly appreciated of the season. On this evening (Nov. 3d) they sung 'The Black Domino;' 4th, 'Trovadore' for the last time; on the 5th, 'The Bohemian Girl,' for the benefit of Mr. Castle; on the 6th, 'Fra Diavolo;' and on the 9th, for the first time, 'The Marriage of Figaro.'"

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY were announced to appear in Providence, R. I., on the 8th inst.

PATTI CONCERTIZES in Providence, R. I., on the 11th inst.

BREBAN'S SWISS BELL RINGERS were in Huntingdon, Pa., on Oct. 29th and 30th.

THE ALLEGHANIAN Vocalists and Swiss Bell Ringers are famous for dedicating new halls. They opened and dedicated the new "State Normal Hall," Winona, Minn., Nov. 6th. The building is the largest in the state, and cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The Alleghanians go from thence south to Dubuque, and west on the Sioux City road.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTET CLUB (from the Hub) are announced at Madison, Wis., Nov. 8th. They will go west as far as Omaha and St. Joseph, Mo.

A CORNET PLAYER and leader advertises that he desires an engagement as director of a band.

THE COLISEUM BUILDING, Boston, will soon be known as of the past. The work of demolition commenced on the 4th. The work is done under contract by William Smith, who proposes to reduce it to lumber, subject, of course, to greater or less depreciation in quality from breakage, wear and tear, &c. One thousand loads have been sold to one party for firewood. Eight sections of the western balcony, covering superficially an area of two hundred feet in length and seventy-five in width, have been sold, to be removed and replaced to its original shape at Riverside Trotting Park, where it will serve an excellent purpose as a grand stand. The sale includes the lower floor, the balcony proper, and the roof above it. The work of removal of the entire building will probably occupy six weeks' time. Of the many prize articles, about 2,000 chairs and seats, and perhaps half of the decorations, yet remain unclaimed, which will be disposed of by auction at an early day.

SIGNOR JANNOTTA gave a symphony concert at Pike's Music Hall, Cincinnati, on Friday, Nov. 5th, on which occasion Signora A. Jannotta made her first appearance on any stage, singing as a solo a cavatina from "Semiramide." He was also assisted by L. Ballenberg, flutist, and Charles Walter, pianist.

PAREPA ROSA and her opera troupe open for one week in Cincinnati, at Mozart Hall, on Monday, Nov. 15.

IT IS REPORTED in Washington that a grand Opera House is to be erected on Fourteenth and L streets. Congress passed an act some two or three years ago granting a charter to a company, but for some reason or other nothing has been done in the matter. It is stated that Mr. Kendall has given the ground on which to erect it, and also that Mr. Corcoran has taken $20,000 worth of stock, and that Mr. Riggs, the banker, has promised to subscribe the sum of $10,000. $160,000 is the estimated cost of the structure. Our correspondent says that "An opera house in Washington is something that is not needed. Two theatres exist, but only one is properly supported. Lincoln Hall is a late addition to public places of amusement and is one of the finest public halls in the country."

THE ORCHESTRA of Mark Hassler and Sentz continue their musical *matinees* throughout the entire season at Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia.

THEODORE THOMAS' orchestra of forty-two artists give three grand concerts at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, Nov. 11th, 12th and 13th.

CARLOTTA PATTI gave a farewell *matinee* at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Nov. 6th.

CARLOTTA PATTI, assisted by Theodore Ritter, J. P. Prume, Joseph Hermanns, Henry Squires and G. W. Colby, gave a grand concert at Lincoln Hall, Washington, on the 3d inst., under the auspices of Max Strakosch. General Sherman was prominent among the distinguished persons present. Lincoln Hall is entirely new and is a perfect gem. It is pronounced one of the finest halls in the country. It has ten hundred and sixty-eight chairs (such as are used in the orchestra at Niblo's), each row of chairs is placed upon a distinct platform. The floor slopes in such a manner as to afford a good view of the stage from all parts of the hall. The Patti concert filled every chair at $2 each, and also extra chairs in the aisles.

TONY FENN, leader of brass and string band, and Fred. Frank, tuba player, advertise that they can be engaged.

A SEASON OF GRAND GERMAN OPERA will be inaugurated at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Nov. 15th, under the management of H. Grau, directed by Carl Anschutz and Walter Bellis.

THE ROBSON FAMILY will be in Rousseville, Pa., 8th; Franklin, 9th; and Meadville, 10th and 11th.

SPAULDING'S BELL RINGERS were at the Opera House, Newark, N. J., on the 2d and 3d inst. In the company are Emma J. Nichols, Lelia and George Shepard, J. D. Kelly, Georgie Dean Spaulding and W. P. Spaulding.

THE FRANKO FAMILY announced to appear at the Opera House, Newark, N. J., on the 4th inst., did not put in an appearance, owing to the illness of one of its members.

"BARITONE" advertises for concerting or dramatic engagements.

A FIRST CLASS BASS SINGER is wanted for Buckley's Serenaders. Address as per advertisement.

Variety Halls.

THE PITTSBURGH THEATRE is presenting an attractive entertainment and drawing good business. Our correspondent, "J. E. H.," says:—"The old company has been strengthened by the addition of George R. Edeson, John R. Lane, Rita Percy, Clara Barton, Ada Wray and Mlle. Olivia. Edeson is stage manager, and that he is qualified for the position we have the most abundant proof every night. Rita Percy's representations of draped statuary are liberally applauded, as also are Ada Wray as her banjo and the clog dancing of Clara Burton. Susie Starr and E. F. German were the recipients of a substantial benefit on Oct. 5th. Jennie Benson, who always receives a warm reception in Pittsburgh, will make her first appearance at this establishment on the 8th.....Mike Kanane, Lizzie Hetherington and Belle Laurence put in their first appearance at Trimble's Varieties Theatre on Nov. 1st. Mike Kanane does a good clog dance and the other new people are clever in their respective *roles*. A new sensational burlesque on 'Somnambula' will be brought out at this establishment in a few days. The piece will be mounted with new scenery, new properties and new costumes. Harry Richmond, Johnny Shay, E. S. Gooding and George W. Herman attend to the burnt cork business creditably at this cosy place of amusement. The Harrison Sisters will make their bow to a Pittsburgh audience at this theatre, on the 8th."

AT THE PERSEVERANCE THEATRE business has been very good the past week, owing to the accession of a number of new people and a change of programme nearly every night. A correspondent, writing on the 5th inst., says:—"Rita Percy, the statuist, made her *debut* here on the 1st to the best house Old Drury has had for the past fortnight, and despite all drawbacks in the way of effects this lady's performance has been much talked of; her figure, costumes and poses are heartily *encored*. George R. Edeson, comic vocalist, comedian and pantomimist, took the reins managerial on the 1st, but did not sing after the first night, owing to a severe affection of the throat. He has, however, appeared nightly in the farces, in conjunction with Harry Williams, John L. Lane, E. F. German, T. Jones, Lucy Clifton and Clara Burton. Larry Tooley's Dutch acts are equal to any of the style Teutonic we ever saw and he is equally funny in work. The female minstrel scene gives Charley Benedict and Tooley fine scope for their ability, also that of Bella Williams, who has a fine soprano voice. Clara Burton, the jig dancer, is exceedingly clever, and Ada Wray manipulates on the banjo to some purpose. Signora Lopez and her three little ones do a variety of acrobatic feats, while the solos and choruses of Mlle Olivia, Dulin and Lopez make a pleasing variety. Jennie Benson, the female clog dancer, opens on the 8th. Rita Percy has also been re-engaged for six nights more, and introduces some twenty-four new pictures never yet represented in this country."

RITA PERCY, the statuesque artist, has been so favorably received at the Pittsburgh Theatre that she has been secured for a second week. On the 15th inst. she opens at the Metropolitan, Washington, for two weeks, and goes thence to Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, on Nov. 29th for two weeks. Managers wishing to secure her services will find her agent's address in another column.

OF BUSINESS at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., the past week, our correspondent, "Don Juan," says:—"Since my last another new accession of stars have added to the receipts of this favorite resort. The combination of stars consists of Mrs. Westmont, *danseuse*; Rollin Howard, Ethiopian artist; Dick Parker, banjoist and comedian; and Eva Brent, operatic vocalist. The reception of these artists has been in spirit cordial and in numbers large. Besides these attractive cards Gus. Williams and J. S. Edwards, Ed. Banker, song and dance man; Miller Beall, comedian and vocalist; and the Remmelsberg Sisters, are also at this theatre and nightly greeted with enthusiastic plaudits in their varied and pleasing entertainments. During the week the *ballet divertissements* 'Les pas des Fleurs' and 'La Grand Follies,' introducing Mlle. Westmael, the Remmelsberg Sisters and Mons. Cellini, have been given. Rollin Howard, as the Ethiopian *prima donna*, nightly produces a sensation, as does the burlesque impersonations of Williams and Edwards. The new musical sketch of 'Woman's Triumph' and the burlesque of 'High Jack the Heeler' are ludicrous and create any amount of fun. The evening's entertainment concluded with the 'Robbers of the Black Forest.'"

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Nashville, Tenn., is reported to be doing well with a pretty good working company. A correspondent writes us as follows:—"This (last) week the entertainment commenced with a female minstrel scene, the olio consisting of Eva Buckner's singing, Mlle. Henrietta's jig and fancy dancing, Mollie St. Martin, in the character song of 'Racketty Jack,' and 'Happy Uncle John' by Johnny Manning. Young Admiral Yale appears in songs, dances and pathetic ballads. J. S. Berry appears in a variety of changes, songs, dialogues, &c.; his extravaganza entitled the 'Fairie of Erin, or Tim Finnigan's Dream,' is underlined and will soon be produced. Sig. Eugene Martinez has become a favorite with the public; his feats of juggling and impalement act are truly meritorious. The can-can, with Mlle. La Fevre as Frailty, is one of the great attractions of the establishment. Lizzie Whelan leaves for Cincinnati this day (Nov. 2d), to be absent one week."

TALENT is wanted for the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind. Address as per advertisement.

THE HAYMARKET CONCERT HALL, Baltimore, Md., is in need of first-class talent at all times. Find the manager's address in another column.

TWO YOUNG LADIES who can sing and dance and who can take small parts are wanted for a variety company. Address P. J. Carroll as per advertisement.

THE PROPRIETOR of the Post Office Saloon, Reading, Pa., advertises that he wants two *danseuses* and a lady vocalist.

BUSINESS AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Cleveland, Ohio, is reported to have been good of late. A correspondent says:—"Messrs. Bowman and Harris continue great favorites. Miss Braddon made her second appearance on Nov. 1st and met with a good reception. She is very fair as a vocalist. The *maitre de ballet*, Mr. Fred Seigel, and his sister, retire from the stage on Nov. 7th, for a rest at their home for a few weeks. They will be sadly missed, especially Miss Emily, who is one of the best dancers in this city. Miss White does the jig dancing. Frank Lum fills the bill in his comic songs. On Nov. 8th, George Peters and troupe, with Amiti as *premier danseuse*, make their first appearance. They will produce the can-can."

OUR CINCINNATI CORRESPONDENT gives us the following news up to the 5th inst.:—"The career of the Academy of Music was short, its doors closing on the 2d, for want of sufficient patronage. It was opened with a company entirely unsuited to the tariff of admission, and the entertainment was not of a kind for the class patronage invited. During the second week there was a vast improvement in the company, but it was not advertised at all and failed to draw. It is a beautiful little hall, and could be made to pay in the hands of a *first-class* minstrel or variety company, but certainly no other kind. Davis & Co., theatrical agents, have it for rent.....The Fourth street theatre continues to do a good business. The company has received several excellent additions from the late Academy of Music company. Tim Woodruff, the veteran banjo, has been compelled through sickness to lay off, and has been replaced by N. S. Shemer, who taketh well. He does a good act, claimed to be original with him, entitled 'Happy Uncle John.' The other additions were Maggie Clark, a very fair vocalist, and Lulu Wharton, who has been put on as Frailty, in the can-can, and does finely. She is also a good *danseuse*. There have been no other changes.....Biz has been prosperous at the Race street also. There has been one addition to the company this week, Nellie Taylor, *danseuse*, who must not be confounded with the well known songstress. There has been a change in the songs on the programme; but the two main acts, the can-can and Peter Honiz family, are the same as last week. Ettie Barker makes a very nice Frailty, her acting and elocution being the best of the many who have attempted it of late. Next (this) week the first part is to be omitted, an 'Old Folks Concert' being put on instead.....Mr. Collins, who failed in his attempt at the Academy of Music, is to re-open at his New York theatre, on Sixth street, to-morrow (Saturday) evening."

CHAS. WEIGHTMAN, natator, advertises that he can be engaged.

HERR HOLTUM, cannon ball performer, advertises that he can be engaged.

GEO. A. BEANE, low comedian and pantomimist, and Fannie Beane, pantomimist and *danseuse*, can be engaged through their agents, Messrs. Thompson & Riggs.

THE CLODOCHE TROUPE open at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, this week.

THE LATEST ARRIVALS at Wild's Varieties, Buffalo, N. Y., are Nellie Belmont, Anna Chase, Gus Moore and Jimmy McCord. Our correspondent says:—"Miss Belmont is a pleasing balladist and receives numerous *encores*. Anna Chase does a jig in a satisfactory manner. Gus. Moore's jig is received with applause, and the double acts by Moore and McCord are first class. A pleasing incident occurred on the 5th; after Mike Foley had finished his song in the first part, Manager McMillan, after a neat speech, presented Mike with a beautiful silver mounted tambourine, a present from a number of friends. The instrument bears the inscription: 'Mike Foley, from his friends, Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 5, 1869.' Its cost was $35. Ben Hayes end man and stump orator left on the 6th for the west; Georgia May goes to New York on the 10th inst. The can-can still holds the boards, and will probably continue for some weeks."

COL. HANFORD, proprietor of the Theatre Comique, Omaha, has returned from New York, bringing with him Misses. Oberti and De Vere, *dansuses* and balladists.

DEN HOWE, gymnast, and Millie Mordaunt, *danseuse* and vocalist, appear at the Varieties, Norfolk, Va., this week.

MLLE. LOUISA, who styles herself the champion female drummer of the world, advertises that she can be engaged for two or four weeks.

WILLIS advertises that he wants a posish.

WILLIS COBB, with his trained dogs, Cashmere Goat and Monkeys, are at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, this week, where they remain four weeks, and go thence to Hooley's Opera House, Brooklyn. Managers wishing to secure their services after January 3d will address his agents, Messrs. Lowell and Simmonds.

Negro Minstrelsy.

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THE MORRIS BROTHERS' MINSTRELS opened in Peoria, Ill., on Nov. 2d, for two nights; Jacksonville, 4th and 5th; thence to their opera house, St. Louis, which place they were to open on the 6th.

ALLEN, PETTINGILL, DELEHANTY AND HENGLER'S MINSTRELS opened in Peoria, Ill., on the 5th, and were to go thence to Bloomington, 6th; Chicago, 8th and 9th; Kalamazoo, 11th; Jackson, 12th; Detroit, 13th and 13th; Toledo, 15th; Fort Wayne, Ind., 16th; Canton, O., 17th; Pittsburgh, Pa., (Thanksgiving Day,) 18th, thence east.

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS perform in Portland, Me., on Nov. 15th. They are reported to have done a big business in St. John, N. B., and Halifax. Sharpley and Harry Stanwood occupy the ends, with Andy McKee, the song and dance performer, with them.

S. S. SANFORD has his minstrel troupe called "The Picked Nine," will be in Burlington, N. J., 8th; Pemberton, 9th; Westchester, Pa., 10th; Coatesville, 11th; Downington, 12th; Norristown, 13th, and Reading on Thanksgiving.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS are billed at Richmond, Va., for one week, commencing on the 8th inst., and go thence to Norfolk, Va., for two weeks.

THE MORRIS BROTHERS announced the opening of their minstrel hall in St. Louis on the 8th inst.

Circuses.

MIKE LIPMAN is once more in the field with a well organized circus company, his principal features being Jimmy Reynolds, Charles Fish, W. B. Carroll, Little Ann e, George Derious, Mad. Bridge, Hamden and Holloway, Davenport, the Leon brothers and quite a number of others. He opened his campaign in Winchester, Va., on Nov. 6th, and was to go thence to Washington for Nov. 8th and 9th, Baltimore 10th, for four days, and then south for the winter.

G. F. BAILEY'S MENAGERIE closed the season in Dayton, Ohio, on Oct. 30th, and on Sunday afternoon the establishment was loaded up on the various rail trains and shipped to Danbury, Conn., where it winters.

AMES' CIRCUS was obliged to pull up stakes in St. Louis, Mo., on Oct. 28th, three days earlier than the managers intended, in consequence of the severe storm. The concern was shipped by boat to Memphis, Tenn., opening there on Oct. 30th, for four days, in opposition to Dan Rice's side show.

CHARLES WORTH'S CIRCUS opened in New Orleans on Nov. 1st, and goes thence into Texas.

S. Q. STOKES is organizing a circus company in Cincinnati, Ohio, in conjunction with a Mr. Ward, of Pittsburgh, for a tour through Mexico. Jimmy Robinson has been secured at a large salary.

MRS. LAKE is going through Texas with her circus company. Hi. Marks and family are to join the party soon.

PRESENTATION EXTRAORDINARY.—There are many amusing little incidents in the showman's life, which, could they be presented fittingly, would afford a fund of amusement, not to say instruction, which would be truly interesting. A little affair on the presentation order, which, for ludicrousness, surpasses anything we have heard of, took place recently in the Yankee Robinson show. Mr. H. Whe, manager of High Jack the Heeler, ludicrous and create any amount of fun. The evening's entertainment concluded with the 'Robbers of the Black Forest.'"

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Nashville, Tenn., is reported to be doing well with a pretty good working company. A correspondent writes us as follows:—"This (last) week the entertainment commenced with a female minstrel scene, the olio consisting of Eva Buckner's singing, Mlle. Henrietta's jig and fancy dancing, Mollie St. Martin, in the character song of 'Racketty Jack,' and 'Happy Uncle John' by Johnny Manning. Young Admiral Yale appears in songs, dances and pathetic ballads. J. S. Berry appears in a variety of changes, songs, dialogues, &c.; his extravaganza entitled the 'Fairie of Erin, or Tim Finnigan's Dream,' is underlined and will soon be produced. Sig. Eugene Martinez has become a favorite with the public; his feats of juggling and impalement act are truly meritorious. The can-can, with Mlle. La Fevre as Frailty, is one of the great attractions of the establishment. Lizzie Whelan leaves for Cincinnati this day (Nov. 2d), to be absent one week."

TALENT is wanted for the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind. Address as per advertisement.

THE HAYMARKET CONCERT HALL, Baltimore, Md., is in need of first-class talent at all times. Find the manager's address in another column.

TWO YOUNG LADIES who can sing and dance and who can take small parts are wanted for a variety company. Address P. J. Carroll as per advertisement.

THE PROPRIETOR of the Post Office Saloon, Reading, Pa., advertises that he wants two *danseuses* and a lady vocalist.

BUSINESS AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Cleveland, Ohio, is reported to have been good of late. A correspondent says:—"Messrs. Bowman and Harris continue great favorites. Miss Braddon made her second appearance on Nov. 1st and met with a good reception. She is very fair as a vocalist. The *maitre de ballet*, Mr. Fred Seigel, and his sister, retire from the stage on Nov. 7th, for a rest at their home for a few weeks. They will be sadly missed, especially Miss Emily, who is one of the best dancers in this city. Miss White does the jig dancing. Frank Lum fills the bill in his comic songs. On Nov. 8th, George Peters and troupe, with Amiti as *premier danseuse*, make their first appearance. They will produce the can-can."

OUR CINCINNATI CORRESPONDENT gives us the following news up to the 5th inst.:—"The career of the Academy of Music was short, its doors closing on the 2d, for want of sufficient patronage. It was opened with a company entirely unsuited to the tariff of admission, and the entertainment was not of a kind for the class patronage invited. During the second week there was a vast improvement in the company, but it was not advertised at all and failed to draw. It is a beautiful little hall, and could be made to pay in the hands of a *first-class* minstrel or variety company, but certainly no other kind. Davis & Co., theatrical agents, have it for rent.....The Fourth street theatre continues to do a good business. The company has received several excellent additions from the late Academy of Music company. Tim Woodruff, the veteran banjo, has been compelled through sickness to lay off, and has been replaced by N. S. Shemer, who taketh well. He does a good act, claimed to be original with him, entitled 'Happy Uncle John.' The other additions were Maggie Clark, a very fair vocalist, and Lulu Wharton, who has been put on as Frailty, in the can-can, and does finely. She is also a good *danseuse*. There have been no other changes.....Biz has been prosperous at the Race street also. There has been one addition to the company this week, Nellie Taylor, *danseuse*, who must not be confounded with the well known songstress. There has been a change in the songs on the programme; but the two main acts, the can-can and Peter Honiz family, are the same as last week. Ettie Barker makes a very nice Frailty, her acting and elocution being the best of the many who have attempted it of late. Next (this) week the first part is to be omitted, an 'Old Folks Concert' being put on instead.....Mr. Collins, who failed in his attempt at the Academy of Music, is to re-open at his New York theatre, on Sixth street, to-morrow (Saturday) evening."

CHAS. WEIGHTMAN, natator, advertises that he can be engaged.

HERR HOLTUM, cannon ball performer, advertises that he can be engaged.

GEO. A. BEANE, low comedian and pantomimist, and Fannie Beane, pantomimist and *danseuse*, can be engaged through their agents, Messrs. Thompson & Riggs.

THE CLODOCHE TROUPE open at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, this week.

THE LATEST ARRIVALS at Wild's Varieties, Buffalo, N. Y., are Nellie Belmont, Anna Chase, Gus Moore and Jimmy McCord. Our correspondent says:—"Miss Belmont is a pleasing balladist and receives numerous *encores*. Anna Chase does a jig in a satisfactory manner. Gus. Moore's jig is received with applause, and the double acts by Moore and McCord are first class. A pleasing incident occurred on the 5th; after Mike Foley had finished his song in the first part, Manager McMillan, after a neat speech, presented Mike with a beautiful silver mounted tambourine, a present from a number of friends. The instrument bears the inscription: 'Mike Foley, from his friends, Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 5, 1869.' Its cost was $35. Ben Hayes end man and stump orator left on the 6th for the west; Georgia May goes to New York on the 10th inst. The can-can still holds the boards, and will probably continue for some weeks."

COL. HANFORD, proprietor of the Theatre Comique, Omaha, has returned from New York, bringing with him Misses. Oberti and De Vere, *dansuses* and balladists.

DEN HOWE, gymnast, and Millie Mordaunt, *danseuse* and vocalist, appear at the Varieties, Norfolk, Va., this week.

MLLE. LOUISA, who styles herself the champion female drummer of the world, advertises that she can be engaged for two or four weeks.

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FOR THEATRICAL, or other Advertisements coming under the head AMUSEMENTS, *fifteen cents per line* for each and every insertion.
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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER,
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Cor. Leonard, New York.

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For terms, etc., address ROBERT W. HUNT,
31-3m Secretary Union Hall Association.

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THE RENOWNED COMEDIAN AND PANTOMIMIST.
C. K. FOX,
and full pantomime company, from the Olympic Theatre, New York, together with the wonderful
KIRALFY TROUPE
of
HUNGARIAN SENSATION DANCERS,
appear at the
BOSTON THEATRE, BOSTON, Up to and including November 3d.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PORTLAND, November 4th and 5th.
MUSIC HALL, LOWELL, MASS., November 6th.
NEW MUSIC HALL, WORCESTER, November 8th and 9th.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PROVIDENCE, November 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th.
MUSIC HALL, NEW HAVEN, November 17th and 18th.
TAYLOR'S OPERA HOUSE, TRENTON, November 20th and 22d.
CONCORDIA HALL, BALTIMORE, November 25th.
WALL'S OPERA HOUSE, WASHINGTON, December 2d.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PITTSBURGH, December 13th.
NATIONAL THEATRE, CINCINNATI, December 20th.
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SAM'L COLVILLE,
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of the Watson Brothers' Combination,
will please call at the Clipper office for family letters, and send her whereabouts to friends at Chicago. Address to care of
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AT KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI,
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ONE FIRST OLD WOMAN, AND A PRETTY CHILD,
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BROOKLYN. OPEN THE YEAR ROUND.
FIRST CLASS TALENT can apply to E. M. HOOLEY. 18-tf

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BEAUTIFUL AND POPULAR
PLACE OF AMUSEMENT,
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WE ARE COMING.
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THE MONARCHS OF MINSTRELSY.
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WILD, BARNEY & MAC'S
MINSTRELS, BRASS BAND
AND BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE,
The most stupendous organization extant, numbering
TWENTY-FIVE EMINENT ARTISTS.
Mark the names of the
THREE GREATEST COMIC ARTISTS OF AFRICAN COMEDY,
JOHN WILD,
A Comedian of undoubted reputation.
MASTER BARNEY,
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